

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



1. Craze Quarry, from Loch Fyne.

2. Interior of the Quarry.

THE DISASTER IN SCOTLAND: SUFFOCATION BY GAS FROM GUNPOWDER BLASTING.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I mentioned lately that I was taking considerable interest in the history of the year 1810, and that consultation of a volume of the *Examiner* newspaper (why did it die?) for the year in question, had enabled me to verify with precision the date of the death of the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont. By-the-way, there are some very curious particulars relative to that pseudo-androgyne in M. Louis de Loménie's "Life of Beaumarchais," of which an English translation by Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards was published about thirty years ago.

But I find, continuing my study of the *Examiner*, that even more notable occurrences than the demise of the Chevalier d'Eon, the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, and the marriage of Napoleon the Great to the Archduchess Maria Louisa, took place in 1810. A mad valet-de-chambre attempted to assassinate the Duke of Cumberland; the Princess Amelia died; the Berners-street hoax (Theodore Hook's) was perpetrated; the titular "Queen of France" died, and was interred in Westminster Abbey; and on Thursday, Oct. 28, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of his Majesty King George the Third.

The Jubilee of 1810 would not appear to have been a very brilliant success. A Jubilee Ode, by the "after-dinner" poet, Mr. Fitzgerald (Byron's "hoarse Fitzgerald"), was published for general circulation; but it turned out to be a case of "recooked cabbage": being only a reprint of an ode composed by Mr. F. the year before. The illuminations were few; and in the Strand, late at night, there was something very nearly approaching a riot, caused by a mob of roughs throwing burning squibs and crackers into passing carriages and hackney-coaches. The rejoicings on the King's birthday, June 4, were much livelier, including as they did volleys of ordnance, discharged in Hyde Park instead of St. James's, in order not to disturb the wounded Duke of Cumberland, who was lying at Carlton House. There was a grand Drawing-room at St. James's Palace, at which all the ladies wore hoop-petticoats, and at which was recited another Birthday Ode; but, this time, an official one, the writer being T. H. Pye, Esq., Poet Laureate (Byron's "Pye come again"), who, according to a well-known anecdote, indirectly obtained his laureateship by anathematising George the Third's wig.

The truth is that the Jubilee of 1810 had been heavily discounted by the splendid fêtes which had taken place twelve months before, when the King entered upon the fiftieth year of his reign. Among the "curios" of the jubilee of 1809 I note a memorable "Jubilee Song," of which one stanza may be quoted:—

The Sun rules the day—the Moon rules the night;  
The King rules the land—by the very same right;  
His lawful succession just Heaven will assure  
As long as the Sun and the Moon shall endure.

And so say all of us!

Fortunately, no serious steps have been taken to discount the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, which will be celebrated, I hope, with proper pomp and ceremony in the summer of 1887. Will Lord Tennyson oblige us with a Jubilee Ode? Will Royalty go in state to St. Paul's? It was the Lord Mayor and Corporation who went in state to the metropolitan basilica in 1809. There was a sumptuous dinner, too, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the tickets for which banquet were three guineas each. Perhaps, next year, all the great Livery Companies will give dinners, and charge nothing for their hospitality. It would be a happy thought, too, on the part of the President and Council of the Royal Academy if, instead of banqueting Boyle's "Court Guide" and Webster's "Royal Red-Book," they gave a dinner, for once in a way, to, say, five hundred lady and gentlemen exhibitors, being neither Academicians nor Associates.

And the People—is anything to be done for them in the Jubilee year? Are they to have "bread and shows," or is it only genteel Posterity that is to benefit architecturally, oratorically, and intellectually by the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the throne? In 1809 the Bachelor's Acre at Windsor was converted into an immense place of feasting. Oxen and sheep were roasted whole, and the poor regaled *ad libitum*; but, ere they fell to, the Royal butchers, wearing for the nonce clean blue frocks, velvetene smalls, and silk stockings, placed prime cuts of beef and mutton on silver plates, which were handed to the Queen and the Royal Dukes and Princesses who had come down to see the show. The Royalties tasted, approved, and withdrew. There are few nastier spectacles, to my thinking, than that of an ox being roasted whole; and the roasting of an entire sheep is not a much pleasanter sight. But modern refreshment contractors can do wonders in the way of supplying large bodies of hungry people with food; and among the hundred and one merry ways of celebrating the Jubilee, there could scarcely be one, I should say, more satisfactory than that of entertaining, on an appointed day next year, large numbers of poor men, women, and children in every town and village all over the country.

I can scarcely discern, so contradictory are the criticisms of the London and Paris newspapers, whether the performance of the French version of "Hamlet" at the Théâtre Français has been a genuine success, or only a *succès d'estime*. The best account of the play which I have seen is assuredly that in *Punch* for the current week. *Punch* describes M. Mounet-Sully, who plays Hamlet, as a portly personage; and in the French illustrated papers he looms terrifically large. Well, the actor who originally played Hamlet was "fat and scant of breath." We have his mamma, the Queen of Denmark's, word for it.

I note that forty years ago the French version of "Hamlet," executed by Alexandre Dumas the Elder and Paul Meurice, was offered to the Comédie Française, and declined with thanks by the Sociétaires of that august body. Nowise discouraged,

the veteran dramatist and his then juvenile colleague took their version of "Hamlet" to the Théâtre Historique, where the tragedy was duly produced.

A slight mistake which I made last week as to its having been the opinion of the Royal Psalmist that "the days of our age are three score years and ten," has led to my receiving a considerable number of interesting letters. I remembered the passage in the Ninetieth Psalm as it is given, without prefix, in the Book of Common Prayer; but a lady correspondent kindly points out that in the Authorised Version of the Bible the Psalm in question is called, not a "Psalm of David," but a "Prayer of Moses, the Man of God." Comparing the tenth verse with the corresponding passage in the Latin Vulgate authorised by Pope Sixtus V. and Clement VIII (Paris, 1666), I find, to my perplexity, that the "Prayer of Moses" is given as the Eighty-ninth Psalm, and the Ninetieth as a "Psalm of David." Will one of my many clerical correspondents explain this difference in enumeration?

Again, "One of Them" asks whether the reference of Moses to the three score years and ten did not mean the average period of life in his own time? He continues:—

I think the insurance offices used to fix a generation at thirty years, and have now increased it to forty years. I believe that excellent man Dr. Peter Hood, in his book on longevity, states that he never came across a case of a person really dying of old age, and thinks that people, with proper care, could live to 120 years. An old woman I was interested in died the other day at eighty-four years, and the doctor's certificate gave death from old age; but I saw her two weeks before trotting down a lane as lively as a sixty-year-old; only the doctor never saw her when she was ill.

The author of "Bombastes Furioso" has informed us that Queen Dido was in the habit of darning her stockings; that she performed the operation at her palace gate *coram populo*; and that, disconsolate at the cruelty of Æneas, "she sighed as she drew the needle through." Did Dido invent darning? I ask because I notice in Mr. R. Whateley Cook Taylor's just-published "Introduction to a History of the Factory System" that the Assyrians attributed the invention of weaving to Semiramis; the Egyptians to Isis; the Greeks and Romans to Minerva; the Chinese to the wife of their Emperor Yao; the Peruvians to a wife of their Sovereign Manco-Capac; and the Arabs to one of the sons of Japhet. Mr. Taylor's book, in which he has not forgotten to make liberal reference to Baines's admirable "History of the Cotton Manufacture," is full of valuable information. I was especially interested in the account (page 217) of the dry-goods fair, which is still annually held at Beaune, a little town on the Rhône, not far from Arles, and which was once without a rival in Europe. I "common-placed" the description of the fair at once; not because I care anything about dry goods, but for the reason that "Le Souper de Beaune" is the title of a political pamphlet, written by Napoleon the Great in his "salad days," when he was "green of judgment." The pamphlet takes the form of a conversation between Lieutenant Buonaparte, two merchants from Marseilles and one from Nîmes, and a manufacturer from Montpellier; and it is supposed to take place after supper on the last day of the fair.

Mem. I.: The original pamphlet, published in July, 1793, at Avignon, must be extremely scarce, since Napoleon, when he rose to power, had all the copies procurable of the "Souper" bought up and destroyed. It has been reprinted, however, in the charming little 12mo edition of the "Œuvres Choies de Napoléon Buonaparte," 4 vols., published at Paris, 1827.

Mem. II.: There is a tolerably exhaustive index to Mr. Taylor's book on the Factory System; but I fail to find any mention of the "billy-roller." If you would wish to know the important part which the "billy-roller" played in the Factory System half a century since, read Mrs. Frances Anne Trollope's startling novel "Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy." But does anyone read Mrs. Trollope now-a-days? Have her son Anthony's well-written, although somewhat prosaic, stories totally eclipsed such vigorous, racy, vulgar romances as "The Widow Barnaby," "Jessie Phillips," and "The Barnabys in America"? Of the merits of "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw" I spoke in the "Echoes" long ago. As a picture of life and manners in the slave States of America fifty years ago, "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw" rivals, to my mind, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I wonder how many blunders are made every week in the leading articles of the London daily newspapers? I write on the average, myself, about 300 leaders a year; and I calculate that I commit in each article about six flagrant sins either of omission or commission; that would give an annual average of 1800 blunders, to say nothing of the slips in the "Echoes." I am usually found out and rejoicingly pounced upon; and it is because I so continually smart under the lash of my correctors that I keep so keen an eye on the blunders of my contemporaries. Take the following, for instance, from a really vivacious article on London Clubs in the *Daily News* of Oct. 5:—

To return to clubs: it appears that the mystery of the name of Kit-Cat is still unsolved. The club lives in the name of a certain size of portraits and in the often-repeated anecdote of the toasting of Lord Kingston's little girl, Lady Mary Montagu.

With respect to the real origin of the word "Kit-Cat," it would be dangerous to be dogmatic. It may or may not be that the club was so called after Christopher Cat, a pastry-cook, who served the club with mutton-pies; but it must also be remembered that a large beaker, decanter, or bottle, was formerly known as a "kit"; and in the days of "mug-houses" there may possibly have been a "kit club." But touching the remainder of the paragraph which I have quoted, it is certain that Lord Kingston's little daughter, Lady Mary Montagu, was never toasted at the "Kit-Cat Club." It was Lady Mary Pierrepont, who, as a child, was taken to the club by her papa, Evelyn Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston, who was created Marquis of Dorchester in 1706 and Duke of Kingston in 1715. Lady Mary Pierrepont, as most people know, married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu.

Mem.: Still, it is consolatory to blunder in good company. The editors of the "Dictionnaire Universel Historique, Critique

et Bibliographique," ninth edition, Paris, 1810, write that Lady Mary was "born at Pierrepont," and married "Lord" Edward Wortley; but Pierre la Rousse, in the "Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX. Siècle," more correctly states that Lady Mary Pierrepont was born at Thoresby, in the county of Nottingham.

Again am I puzzled by a "Note" in the *St. James's Gazette* of Oct. 4, beginning thus:—

The revival of the question who writes Hugh Conway's novels, now recalls a curious story in connection with Dryden. It is related that shortly after Sir John Dryden got possession of Canon's Abbey, where the poet was born, a singular application was made to him by a man of very inferior talent, who particularly wished to know if an old trunk of Charles II.'s time with parchments, &c., of the period, was still in existence in Dryden's mansion house.

Dryden born at Canon's Abbey! Dryden's mansion house! "Was not glorious John" born, in 1631, at the Parsonage House of Aldwinkle (All Saints), a parish in the hundred of Huxloe, in the county of Northampton? and did he not die at a house of very modest dimensions in Gerrard-street, Soho?

"Up, Guards, and at them!" Will the controversy as to whether the Iron Duke did or did not make use of these words at Waterloo ever come to an end? The latest contributor to the hackneyed *polemics* is Professor C. D. Yonge, who once wrote a "Life of Wellington," and who now writes to the *Times* to say that he asked Mr. Algernon Greville, the Duke's private secretary, whether the hero had said "Up, Guards, and at them!" and that his reply was in the negative. Professor Yonge adds that Mr. John Wilson Croker once wrote the Duke to inquire into the truth, or otherwise, of the story, and that the Duke, on receiving the letter, said to Mr. Greville, "How am I to recollect what I said? I certainly did not say 'Up, Guards, and at them,' because I did not want the Guards to move; they were to stand where they were. I believe I said, 'Stand up, Guards,' or something of that kind."

If the Duke really said this, there is an end of the controversy. But how long did the Great Captain require the Household Brigade to stand still? And how does their standing still accord with the following extract, which I quote from the "Waterloo Despatch," written by the Duke on the day after the battle?

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and, having observed that the troops retired from the attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bülow's corps by Enschermont upon Planchenotte and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher had joined in person, with a corps of his army, to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery.

Twenty additional variants of the "Rule of the Road" jingle. I will quote one more, and then bury the subject with civil honours—

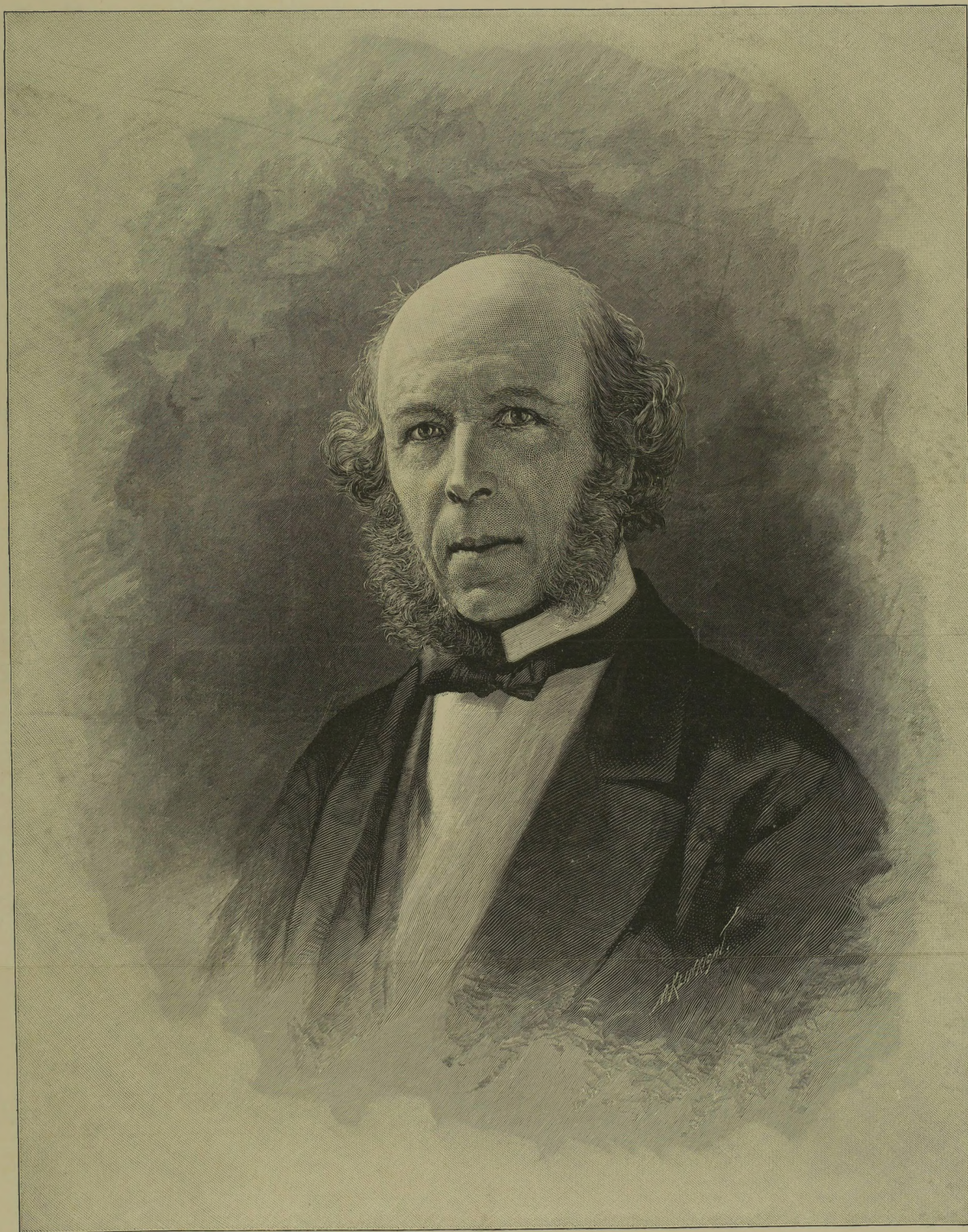
The Rules of the Road are a paradox quite,  
As I've heard it repeated in song,  
For if you go left you are sure to go right,  
And if you go right you are wrong.

In the matter of "chuck-steak," "J. N." (Derby) tells me that a "chuck" of beef is a joint well known among butchers in the midland counties, and consists of the three ribs nearest to the neck, cut straight down the fore-quarter to about half way through the shoulder blade. "Citizen's" "chuck-steak" might, therefore, simply be a steak cut off the "chuck." But why "chuck"? Is the word of kindred to chump, chop, chunk?

I hope that there is truth in the Reuter's telegram, dated Constantinople, Sept. 24, which states that Sir William White, now Minister at Bucharest, is to be raised to be the rank of an Ambassador, and will eventually succeed Sir Edward Thornton as her Britannic Majesty's representative at the Sublime Porte. In 1866-7, at the Conference of Ambassadors at Constantinople, I first had the honour to know Sir William (then Mr.) White, and high up in the Consular Service. A whole posse of British Levantine and Danubian Consuls had been summoned to Pera, in order to put the Marquis of Salisbury *au fait* with the inner bearings of the Eastern Question; and among these grave and reverend personages none gave weightier information, nor was listened to with greater attention, than Sir William White. It was a queer time, and all the rascaldom of Europe seemed to have made a common rendezvous on the Bosphorus in order to prey upon the Ambassadors Extraordinary. One felt that one was getting more and more demoralised every day. "How do you occupy yourself," a distinguished diplomatist condescended to ask me, "when there are no dinners or receptions to attend?" "Well, Excellency," I replied, "I go to the Cercle Maritime and I hear fifty lies; and then I go to another club and tell seventy-five fibs; subsequently I sneak about the corridors of the Hôtel de Byzance and peep through key-holes; and if I find a door open and a room empty I walk in and rummage about, and hold up pieces of blotting-paper the reverse way, in quest of the imprint of interesting correspondence; and in the evening I attend a roulette-table, and am cheated out of two Turkish pounds; and then I play poker with a Greek banker, two Levantine Consuls, an Armenian broker, and a Scotch Jew; and finally, with my esteemed friend and colleague, Mr. Antonio Gallenga, I prowl up and down the Grande Rue de Pera and pick pockets." His Excellency, although a master of "flouts and jeers," is not renowned as a humourist; yet a grim smile illumined his expressive features when I developed my scheme for spending a happy day, and he deigned to remark that he had heard that there were a great many scoundrels at Constantinople just then.

To the "revolvereuses" or female "shootists" must now be added, according to a Parisian journal, the "cravacheuses," or ladies who, emulating the late Lola Montès and the extant Sarah Bernhardt, go about horsewhipping all and sundry who have offended them. A very nice state of things on the other side of the Channel, and almost as lovely a condition of affairs on our side of the "silver streak."





MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. MAYALL, 164, NEW BOND-STREET.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER.



## MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

A man who "thinks for himself," and publishes his thoughts, must be supposed to intend thinking for others, or at least helping them to think; and if he does this with acknowledged power over some minds of his own generation, he may be recognised as one of the "Men of the Day." Mr. Herbert Spencer, during a period of forty years past, has steadfastly pursued this vocation without being *ex officio* bound to assume it, like a University Professor or the minister of an ecclesiastical establishment. He was born in 1820, we believe, the son of a school or private teacher at Derby, and nephew to a well-known Liberal clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Bath, who was among the earliest advocates of the Temperance Society and of the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Herbert Spencer was articled to a civil engineer, but abandoned that profession when about twenty-five years of age, and began writing essays upon the principles of government and social reform, which appeared in the *Nonconformist* and the *Economist*. In 1851, his first published volume came out, "Social Statics; or, the conditions essential to human happiness specified, and the first of them developed." It attracted much notice; but the author was chiefly intent upon laying the foundations of a truly philosophical system of social science, of government and legislation, of ethics, manners and customs, and education. This has been the labour of his life; and its results are to be found in a dozen volumes of "Synthetic Philosophy," distinguished under the titles of "First Principles," "Principles of Biology," "Principles of Psychology," "Principles of Sociology," "The Data of Ethics," "Ceremonial Institutions," "Political Institutions," "Ecclesiastical Institutions," and other collateral studies, which form a coherent system highly esteemed by numerous disciples. A new work, "The Principles of Morality," is in progress, which will probably supersede some of the detached series of essays. Mr. Herbert Spencer has also contributed various articles to the leading reviews and grave monthly magazines, through which he keeps himself well before the general reader, and frequently expresses his opinions respecting the affairs of the day.

His philosophy, whether or not it be adequate to the demands of the human mind and of human life, is eminently scientific in its basis and method of inquiry, so far as concerns what he esteems "the Knowable." No true philosopher can be so rash as to assert, or even use language implying that "the Unknowable" is the non-existent. It might here be remarked that we can be aware of the existence of some being, from impressions made on our own consciousness, without any proper knowledge of the modes of existence, the properties, or the essential nature of this being; indeed the unknowableness results from the limitation of our own faculties of mind. Mr. Herbert Spencer admits "the omnipresence of something which passes comprehension," as the fundamental verity common to all religions; while, on the scientific side, he finds that space, time, matter, motion, force, and cause, and our own self-consciousness or personality, ultimately defy comprehension: we cannot positively know that they exist as entities. Science and Religion must therefore be content to be reconciled with each other upon the ground of their equal inability to know the ultimate essence of the respective objects of their search. The human mind can have no positive knowledge of the absolute, or of the infinite; but can entertain only a negative conception; that of the *not-being* of limitations, qualifications, or conditions determining the existence of the being that it would conceive. To know an object of thought is to perceive the distinctions between it and other objects; but these distinctions are limitations and conditions of the object, so that we cannot know the Infinite and the Unconditioned. Such axioms have come, since they were set forth in the writings of Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Mansel, to be considered truisms; but they have effectually cleared away a vast cloud of vain metaphysical speculations. No injury is done to the religious sentiment, and Faith is left perfectly free to embrace the conceptions that are most congenial to our moral nature, when the mind rests in the conviction that all phenomena are the manifestation of an incomprehensible Power. A sincere recognition of the mystery that lies behind our own and all other existence is a disposition more truly pious, says this philosopher, than the habit of theological dogmatism.

His philosophy, therefore, is only of the Knowable, and is "the unification of the widest generalisations of science"; dealing only with the definite objects of thought which are distinct from other existing objects; more or less different, being finite and conditioned, having limits, quantity, number; and yet are, from their likeness to some objects, capable of arrangement in classes or kinds. It is perceived that all objects thus contemplated are incessantly undergoing some alteration of their state, and of their relations to one another; and the analysis of physical and vital processes, to which Mr. Herbert Spencer devotes several chapters, reduces these changes to a continual redistribution of matter and motion, which is for ever going on, as well internally as externally, both in the inorganic and the organic bodies. His remarks on the direction of motion, and its rhythmic oscillation, from the action and reaction of persistent opposing forces, are very interesting, and find analogous applications with reference to social and political movements. In general, it may be said, no motion continues to be carried on in a straight line, but pursues the varying lines of least resistance; this rule governs also the physiological processes in the growth of organic forms, in plants and animals, and that of the channels or vessels for their vital fluids; it subsequently determines the course of affairs in human societies, their migrations and occupations, their industry and commerce, their private and public economy, their progress in education, morality, and civilisation. While there is no diminution of the aggregate of matter, and there is a continuity of motion, from the persistence of force, the rhythmic direction of motion causes each part of matter to be sometimes gaining, sometimes losing, in the degree of motion acting upon it, whereby the parts of matter are continually redistributed or altered in their relative positions. How, then, does it come to pass that instead of a universal mixing-up and effacement of distinct forms, the tendency is to produce ever a higher specialty, evolving certain forms with the greatest completeness and amplest differentiation from every kind, while the forms less capable of such perfect development fall out of existence? This question, especially with regard to organic forms, opens the most difficult stage of the inquiry; and Mr. Herbert Spencer's formula of Evolution, as the conversion of matter into "a definite coherent heterogeneity," has not satisfied every philosophical critic. The evolution of living species, in the manner shown by Darwin and other naturalists, would rather seem to proceed from a tendency essentially inherent in vital germs, and not existing, perhaps, in mere inorganic matter, or even imparted to it by any known physical forces.

This part of the inquiry, however, in which Mr. Herbert Spencer's views do not command universal assent, is conducted farther in his treatise on Biology, more particularly in the attempt to explain morphological and physiological development. All that he has written is highly ingenious, interesting, and

instructive, conveying at least incidentally a large amount of valuable truth. The doubt will yet arise in some minds, whether he does not overstrain the analogy between the operation of physical laws and the laws of life. There is, for instance, the tendency of living organisms to accommodate themselves to the surrounding conditions, and to gain increased facilities of self-preservation, nourishment, protection, and security of reproduction, by gradual transformations of structure and by the assumption of new organic functions. Is it not rather a metaphor than a scientific deduction to associate this tendency with the mechanical tendency of opposing forces to an equilibrium, and the general law of movement? Again, we may demur to the setting of evolution, understood of species, in logical opposition to dissolution, which may be predicated of the individual, while the species is liable to extinction, not to dissolution. The provision for the care and improvement of the species, or for the progressive development of higher species, in the very simplest and lowest kinds of organic life, is still beyond scientific comprehension. It may be connected, in animals, with instincts of race which become, in the human animal, the basis of philanthropy, and of exalted moral capabilities.

But to speak of these would be to anticipate reflections more pertinent to the perusal of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works on psychology, ethics, and sociology, for which we have no remaining space. Indeed, his analysis of the mental operations would require to be compared with those of other eminent authors of different schools, a task that cannot here be attempted. The first volume of his treatise on sociology, containing much that appeals to the sympathetic imagination and to considerations both of historical and of practical interest, should be more popular reading. Everybody might like to know how a philosopher can account for our possession of some ideas and sentiments, which have taken shape in social institutions and customs—ideas of ghosts, demons, sorcery, fetish-worship, idolatry, and the like; and for the influence of dreams, of delirium and insanity, and other mental disturbances, in generating such ideas. His theory of the domestic relations in mankind, of marriage, polygamous or monogamous, and of parental duty and authority, is equally interesting. In the parts of his great work now in progress, Mr. Herbert Spencer has provided himself with a valuable systematised collection of statistical facts, compiled by Professor Duncan and other assistants, under Mr. Herbert Spencer's superintendence, during the past eighteen years. These tabular statements of details belonging to "Descriptive Sociology," with reference to the various races of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia, civilised and uncivilised, still existing, or recently, or decayed and extinct, ought to be useful to students of the natural and social history of man. The insight that Mr. Herbert Spencer has obtained into the habits and ideas of savage nations is shown in his book on "Ceremonial Institutions," which is not less amusing than edifying; and it is curious to remark the survival of some such primitive habits in the most civilised communities. In his speculations upon the origin, character, and functions of political institutions, regal, consultative, or representative, with the different ministries and agencies of government, the military and judicial services, the legislature, the revenue, and the interests of property, industry, and social welfare affected by them, the author gives a practical turn to these discussions. He is well known to be an earnest opponent of the meddling of government and legislation with the ordinary course of social activities; and his pamphlet, "The Man versus the State," is worthy the attention of serious politicians. Among the topics handled in his miscellaneous essays, besides those pertaining to philosophy, mental science, ethics, and aesthetics, he has discussed Parliamentary reform, trade, banking, currency, prison management, railway management, and other business of the country. He visited the United States of America two years ago, and was there received with much respect as an effective and useful leader of English opinion.

Our Portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer is from a photograph by Mr. J. E. Mayall, of New Bond-street.

## SEVILLE.

"A pleasant city, famous for oranges and women," the birth-place of Byron's "Don Juan," is by no means a sufficient account of the capital of Western Andalusia, one of the most agreeable and interesting of Spanish towns. It was founded by the Carthaginians, was patronised by Julius Cæsar, became the chief town of the Visigoth kingdom of Spain after the downfall of the Roman Empire, and was captured by the Moors, who held it till the year 1031. Under the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, towards the end of the fifteenth century, the discovery of America and the opening of Western commerce raised Seville to great opulence and splendour, which are now somewhat decayed. The older parts of the city show considerable remains of Moorish architecture; indeed, the very Cathedral, with its unique belfry-tower, called the Giralda, was originally a Mosque, but the present church, built in 1519, is a grand example of the Gothic style. The Giralda, which was erected in 1196 by Abou Yusuf Yakob, has been raised in height to 350 ft., and finished with elegant adornments, by Spanish architects of the seventeenth century. The Alcazar or Moorish Palace, of the fourteenth century, though much altered by the Kings of Spain who resided here, exhibits characteristic and beautiful patterns of decoration; and many private mansions are worthy of inspection. The ancient ramparts connected the Alcazar with the so-called Golden and Silver Towers; the first mentioned, used as a prison by Pedro the Cruel, is now surmounted by a modern sentry-box. The favourite Spanish painter Murillo, who was born at Seville in 1618 and died here in 1682, has left many of his finest works, his pictures of the Virgin and of the Saints, of monks and of beggars, to the churches and art collections in this city.

New cattle markets, erected at a cost of £15,000, were opened on Monday at St. Ives, Hunts, by the Mayor (Mr. Warren), the Duke of Manchester, and Captain Fellowes, M.P., amid much enthusiasm. Accommodation is provided for 3000 beasts and 4000 sheep, and the space was fully occupied.

The recent score of the North London Rifle Club at Peterborough of 935 out of a possible 1050, made in the match of ten against ten of the Eastern Counties, was the best on record. It was stated last week that twelve men shot; but the arrangement was that twelve were to shoot, but that only the ten highest scores should count.

Addresses were presented on Monday to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce and the Belfast Corporation. In replying, his Excellency said it was the desire of the Government to assert the supremacy of the law throughout the land.—Sir Michael Hicks Beach (Chief Secretary) and Lady Beach took up their residence on Tuesday at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin. During the afternoon Sir Michael had interviews at the castle with Lord Ashbourne (Lord Chancellor) and the Attorney and Solicitor Generals for Ireland.

## THE LOCH FYNE QUARRY DISASTER.

The singular accident that proved fatal to seven persons, three or four of them well-known citizens of Glasgow, on Saturday, the 25th ult., has been briefly noticed. It occurred at the Craræ quarries, on the west shore of Loch Fyne, a few miles below Inverary; which are the largest in Scotland, and supply the best granite for street-paving. They are the property of Messrs. W. Sim and Co., and are leased by Messrs. A. and J. Faill and Co., Glasgow, contractors. It has been the yearly custom to have a great blast at the quarries, the quantity of gunpowder used increasing to above six tons on recent occasions. The Corporation of Glasgow are the largest customers of the lessees. The Lord Provost of Glasgow and the members of the Corporation were always invited guests, and excursionists from all parts of the west of Scotland came to witness the spectacle. On the 25th ult. the Clyde steamer Lord of the Isles brought a company of a thousand, and a pleasant passage was enjoyed down the river through the Kyles of Bute and up Loch Fyne. The quarries are situated on the face of a hill, which rises almost perpendicularly from the edge of the loch to a height of about 150 ft. The blast was prepared by a chamber being bored in the face of the rock at a distance of 30 ft. from the water level, and extending inwards 60 ft., with branch chambers of 20 ft. each in length to the left and right, starting from the innermost point of the main chamber. These cavities were filled with the charge, which was exploded by electricity. The steamer arrived off the quarries shortly after one o'clock, and was brought up a mile from the shore. The signal for the explosion was given by the steamer sounding her steam-whistle. The charge of seven tons of powder was immediately fired; in less than a minute the whole face of the quarry heaved outwards, between sixty and seventy thousand tons of rock being dislodged, the operation proving quite successful. Part of the company, about three hundred, then landed to inspect the quarry, accompanied by the proprietor, Mr. W. Sim, the lessees, Messrs. A. and J. Faill, and the manager, Mr. Sharp. A few minutes after entering the quarry, they were affected by the fumes of carbonic acid gas and sulphurous sulphur, remaining from the explosion of the gunpowder, and still pouring out from the crannies and recesses, and from under the loose fragments of shattered stone. More than eighty persons fell prostrate, mostly insensible, and six gentlemen died on the spot. The others, being removed as quickly as possible, and carried back by the steamer, gradually revived in the fresh air, except one, who died at the Greenock Infirmary. The following is the list of the killed:—Councillor John Young, Glasgow; Councillor Thomas Duncan, Glasgow; Mr. Matthew Waddell, City Restaurant, Glasgow; Mr. Steel, jeweller and electro-plater, Ann-street, Belfast; Mr. Peter Stevenson, optician, Forest-road, Edinburgh; Mr. James Shaw, son of Councillor Shaw, Glasgow; Mr. Small, Dalry, Ayrshire.

## MUSIC.

Last week's so-called "classical" night at the Covent-Garden promenade concerts was devoted almost entirely to performances of works by English composers, very few of the pieces, however, being entitled to the distinguishing appellation of "classical." Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in F minor (artistically played by Madame Frickenhaus), Sir Arthur Sullivan's beautiful incidental music to "Henry the Eighth," and Mr. F. H. Cowen's graceful orchestral "suite de ballet" entitled "Language of the Flowers," were among the prominent features of the first part of the programme, which also included Mr. E. Prout's new symphony (No. 4), that had before been given successfully in the provinces, and was again well received by the Covent-Garden audience. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss A. Marriott and Mr. F. King. Mr. A. J. Caldicott conducted, with the exception of some pieces that were directed by their composers.

The Leeds triennial festival will recur next week, beginning on Wednesday morning and closing on Saturday evening. We have already given an outline of the proceedings, and must speak hereafter of the performances. The London orchestral rehearsals took place this week at St. James's Hall—on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—when Dvorák's oratorio "Saint Ludmila," Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata "The Story of Sayid," Dr. C. V. Stanford's setting (for chorus and orchestra) of Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge," and other pieces were rehearsed, most of the novelties having been directed by the composers. As far as could be judged in the absence of the chorus (which is rehearsed independently at Leeds), the new works seem likely to prove highly successful. Most of the principal solo vocalists were present. The full general rehearsals of all concerned will take place in the Town-hall, Leeds, on Monday and Tuesday next.

The prospectuses of "Novello's Oratorio Concerts" and the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society have just been issued—that of the Sacred Harmonic Society has already been referred to. The new season of the first-named institution will begin on Oct. 29, the dates of the other concerts being Nov. 23, Dec. 14, Feb. 1, March 1, and March 30. The great Kensington Institution will open its sixteenth season on Nov. 3, with "Elijah"; the remaining nine concerts including performances of "The Golden Legend" and Saint Ludmila." A grand festival celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's accession is to close the season. Mr. Barnby and Dr. Stainer continue to hold, respectively, the offices of conductor and organist. A long list of eminent solo vocalists includes the names of Mesdames Albani, Valleria, and Patey; Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley.

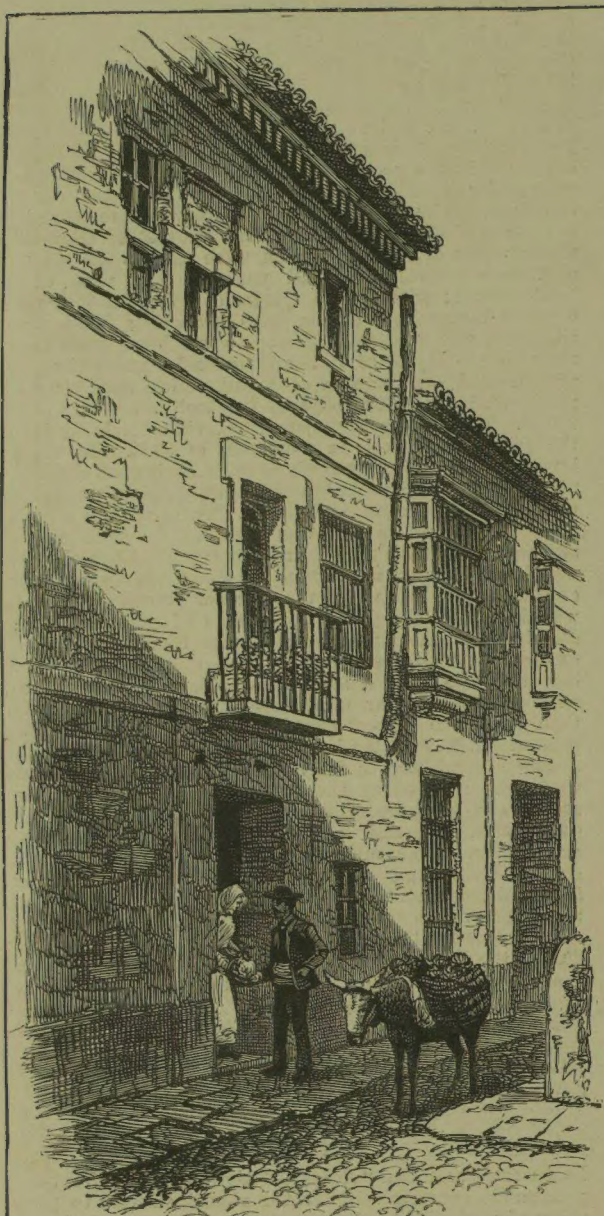
Herr J. H. Bonawitz will give six historical harpsichord and pianoforte recitals on Saturday afternoons at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street, the first being announced for Oct. 30.—Miss Jessie Kosminski, a pupil of Herr Bonawitz, ably assisted by vocalists, will give a pianoforte recital at the same rooms on Monday evening, Oct. 25, in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence.

Signor Lago has announced his intention to begin his second season of Italian opera performances at Covent-Garden Theatre next May.

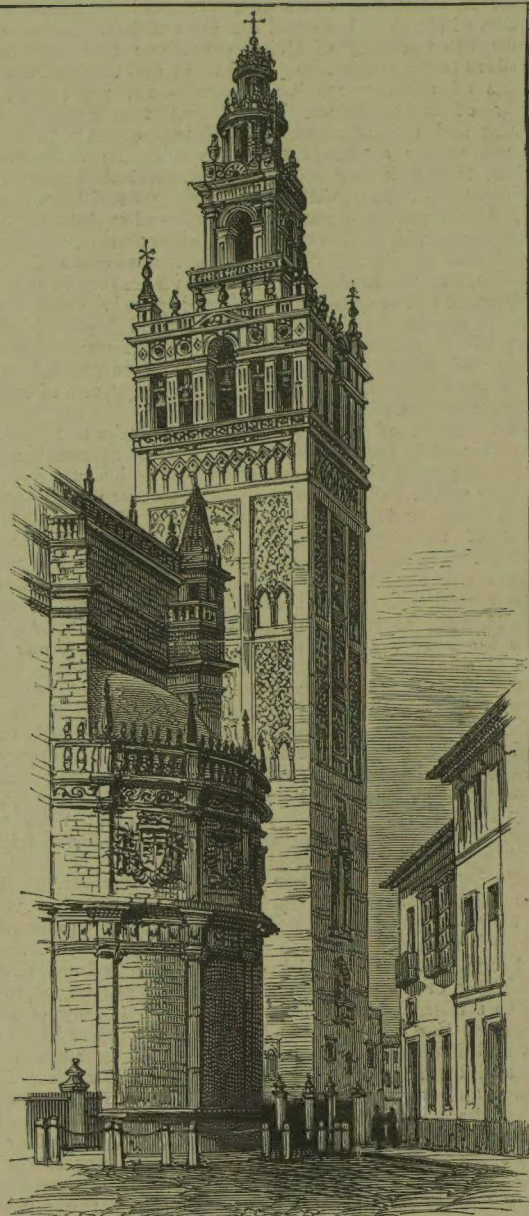
A new theatre, the Prince of Wales's, which has been erected in Freeman-street, Grimsby, was opened on Monday night with a performance, at which there was a large audience. The theatre will seat 2500 persons, and can be cleared of the most crowded audience in four minutes.

Lord Wantage presided yesterday week at a special meeting of Volunteer commanding officers, held by permission of the War Office, to consider the proposed new musketry regulations as applicable to the Volunteer force. Resolutions were adopted submitting that the new regulations greatly added to the difficulty of Volunteers becoming efficient, impressing on the Secretary for War the urgent necessity of making better provision for musketry practice, and appointing a committee to draw up and report the views of the meeting to the Deputy Adjutant-General for the Reserve Forces.

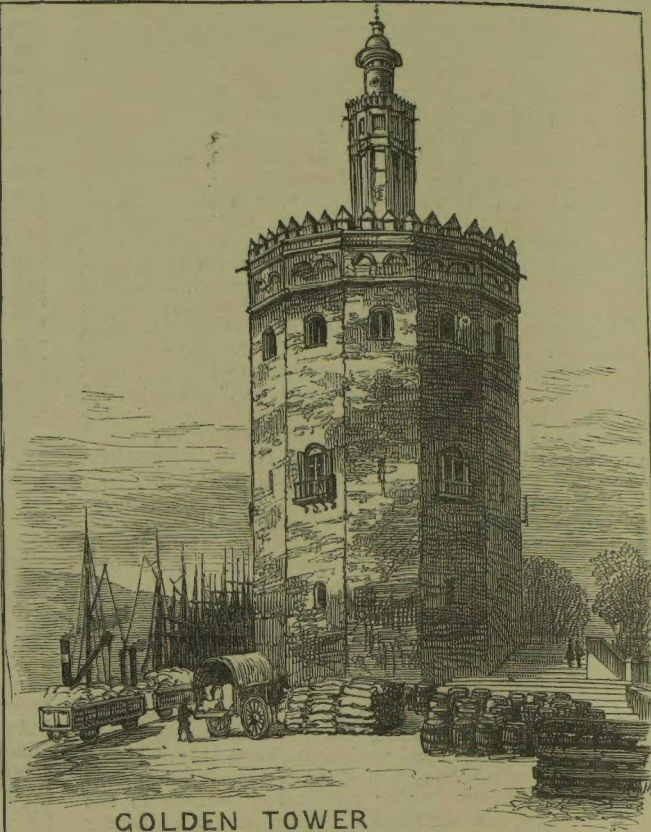




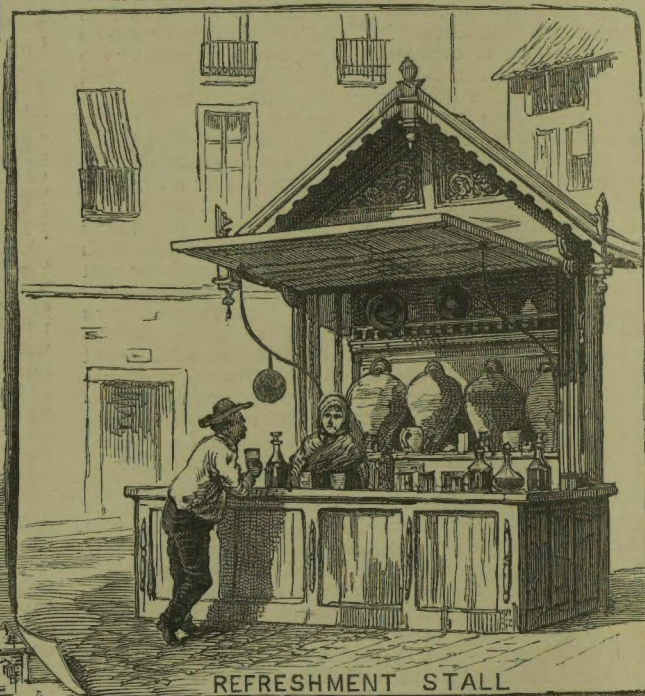
MURILLO'S HOUSE



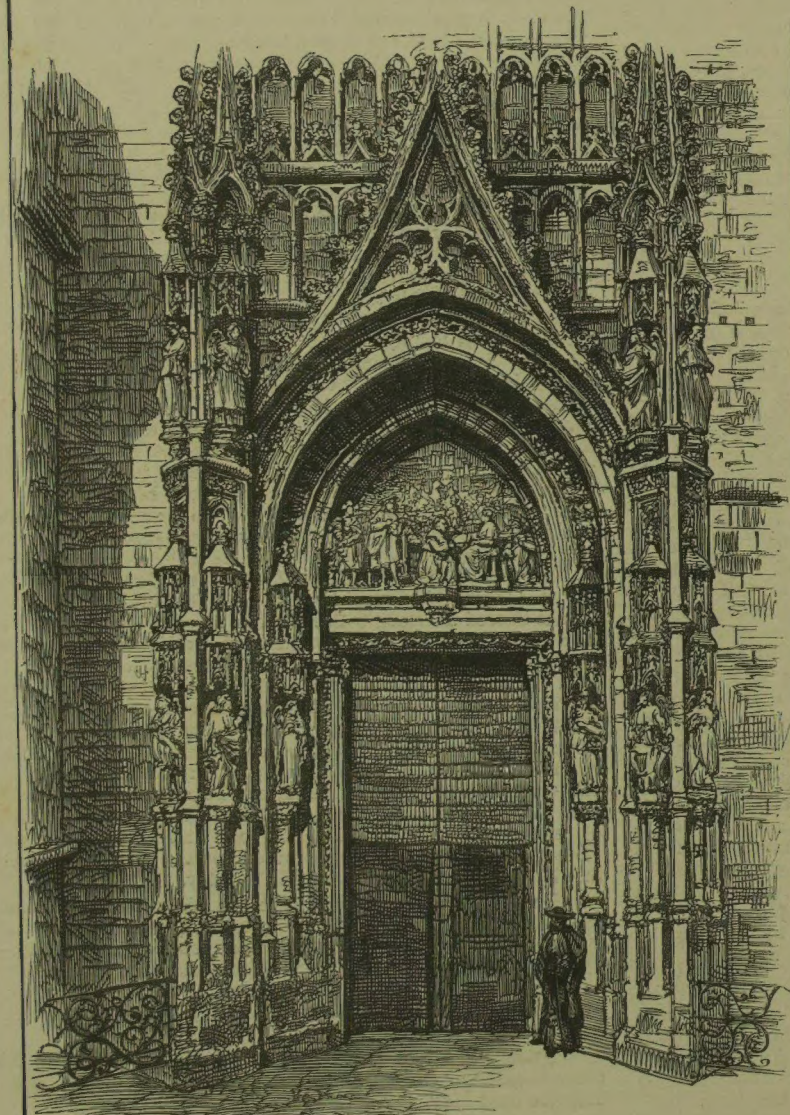
GIRALDA TOWER



GOLDEN TOWER



REFRESHMENT STALL



DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL



OLD MOORISH GATEWAY

L. Johnson

A. Quinton





ON THE RIVER.



M. LYDBY

BY THE SEA.



## PARLIAMENT OUT OF SESSION.

Echoes of Lord Randolph Churchill's admirable speech at Dartford still come from Berlin and St. Petersburg. But of far more importance than foreign opinion is the chorus of approval given to the utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at home. In the nature of things, there is no good reason why a Conservative Government should not energetically effect the legislative reforms essential for the welfare of the great mass of the people. The late Lord Beaconsfield held this opinion. It is a principle which his cleverest disciple has obviously determined to act upon with vigour. Call it the gospel of "Tory Democracy," or of "Radicalism," Progress is undeniably the keynote of Lord Randolph Churchill's enlightened policy, as enunciated in his last remarkable address.

Lord Randolph Churchill having been one of the first English noblemen to adopt the electric lamp as an illuminating power in his town-house, may be said to believe, with Goethe, in "More Light!" Light and lucid as it well could be, at any rate, was the clearly-delivered speech his Lordship made in the open-air last Saturday afternoon before an appreciative audience of several thousands at Oakfield, the Dartford seat of Mr. Coombe Miller. The object of the large gathering was to celebrate the return of nineteen Conservative members for the county of Kent. No less than ninety addresses from various Conservative associations were presented to his Lordship, who was in fine voice, and spoke with force for an hour and twenty-five minutes. At the outset, he candidly acknowledged the indebtedness of the Government to Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and the "Liberal Unionists"; and paid a cordial tribute to "the indefatigable energy, to the tact, the good humour, to the zeal, and to the knowledge" of the genial Conservative "Whip," Mr. Akers-Douglas. He was proportionately vivacious in criticising the condition of that which he termed "the Separatist Opposition," led alternately, he alleged, by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Labouchere (a voice: "And another day, Mr. Bradlaugh"), Mr. Conynbeare, Sir William Harcourt, "and occasionally, as a great treat, Mr. Gladstone drops in from Bavaria." Leaving the chaff for the more promising wheat of his speech, Lord Randolph Churchill looked for hopeful results from the labours of the two Royal Commissions on Irish affairs and of the Commissions on coinage and on Government expenditure. The Ministry would seek to maintain their alliance with the "Unionist Party." Adoption of an effectual "closure" was recommended as a remedy for Parliamentary obstruction. A measure was promised to facilitate "the acquisition by the agricultural labourer of freehold plots and allotments of land"—a concession surely tantamount to Mr. Jesse Collings's "three acres and a cow!" The clergy are to be propitiated by a permit to sell glebe lands; tenant farmers, by rendering landlords liable for the payment of tithes. More equitable railway rates are to follow. The Lord Chancellor's projects for cheapening the transfer and simplifying the registration of land were next dilated upon. Quite a sweeping measure of local self-government reform was outlined. Reduction of taxation, too, is to come. Ireland, also, is to be offered a "system of popular local government"; and, as regards the ticklish Irish land question, Lord Randolph Churchill explicitly said, "The process of change from double to single ownership must be accelerated if you want to produce peace in Ireland." The noble Lord had the satisfaction of being able to welcome a revival of trade, and he trusted that, with respect to Ireland, the good sense of landlords and tenants alike would counteract the machinations of agitators. Government would, at all events, firmly and with a resolute hand, maintain order. Concluding with a reference to the "brutal and cowardly conspiracy" in Bulgaria, he alluded with sympathy to the struggling nationalities of the Balkans, and quoted Lord Salisbury's Manchester declaration in 1878 that "the Austrian sentinel is on the ramparts" in support of his argument that "the liberty-loving policy of the Treaty of Berlin will, without doubt, be carefully and watchfully protected." His Lordship was loudly cheered when he added:—

But should circumstances arise, which, from their grave and dangerous nature, should force the Government of the Queen to make a choice, it cannot be doubted that the sympathy and even the support of England will be given to those Powers who seek the peace of Europe and the liberty of peoples, and in whose favour our timely adhesion would probably, and without the use of force, decide the issue.

Lord Randolph Churchill's manifesto (not yet indorsed by any of his Cabinet colleagues, by-the-way, since his departure for Berlin) was but briefly referred to in Mr. Gladstone's speech last Monday. The right hon. gentleman contented himself with saying: "I therefore reserve my judgment upon those measures, and upon the wonderful encyclopædia of promises, for so I may describe it, which appears to have been addressed to a meeting of Conservatives on Saturday last by a gentleman of whose performances as yet we know much less than we certainly do now know of his promises." In thanking the deputation of Irish ladies and gentlemen who visited Hawarden Castle to present the ex-Premier with the freedom of the boroughs of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Clonmel, and an address in favour of Home Rule from the fair sex of the Emerald Isle (natural champions of domestic supremacy), Mr. Gladstone indulged in a discursive historical retrospect of Ireland's connection with England, winding up with the declaration that "the voice of Ireland is now calling for the establishment of her own Parliament, for local autonomy." In the triumph of this principle Mr. Gladstone firmly believed. The sentiments and the luncheon offered by the right hon. gentleman were apparently keenly relished.

Mr. Chamberlain, for his part, before starting on his Continental holiday, let fly a Partisan dart at Mr. Parnell's defeated measure, and at certain "well-paid patriots," with regard to whom he wrote to a correspondent:—"I am glad to think that they are beginning to be found out, both in America and in Ireland, and I should not be surprised if the influence which they have exercised with such unhappy effect for the past few years should speedily collapse in face of the determination of the people of Great Britain not to yield another inch to the vile conspiracy which relies on outrage and assassination to promote its ends."

The Right Hon. Thomas Clark, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, has been made a Baronet.

Mr. W. Rose, head of the Public Bill Department of the House of Commons, retires with a pension, after fifty-seven years' service.

The Earl of Bective has announced his willingness to grant small allotments to the labourers of South Westmoreland for cultivation, at a reasonable rent.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., principal of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, presided at the opening meeting of the session on Friday, last week, when the Marquis of Ripon gave the opening address. There was a large attendance.

In London last week 2559 births and 1350 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 130 and the deaths 44 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

## RIVER AND SEA.

Water, fresh or salt, where there is enough of it to float upon, is an agreeable summer plaything; and every kind of boat or vessel used for pleasure voyages may be made an instrument of delightful recreation. "On the river," in a handy punt, the skilful amateur polesman, familiar with its gravelly or muddy shallows, pushes his way along the reedy banks; while the girls, the child, and the dog enjoy the cool air and the gliding motion. "By the sea," idly rocking themselves on the gunwale of their father's fishing-boat, close to the sandy shore, the two boys attend to a little ship-building job of their own, fitting a miniature vessel with a tiny lug-sail, which they will presently try on the nearest quiet pool. Various, indeed, are the amusements enjoyed on the water, and none are more innocent, few can be more healthy; swimming, rowing, sailing, the arts and exercises of aquatic movement are attended with a joyful sense of additional power.

A new life-boat, the gift of an anonymous contributor, under the initial "D," has been forwarded by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution to Dornoch Firth, where no life-boat station had ever previously been placed.

Mr. George Augustus Sala's myriad admirers at home and abroad will be glad to hear that he is greatly improved in health, thanks to his brief seaside holiday at Folkestone. Our esteemed contributor deeply appreciates, no doubt, the sympathetic tribute paid to his late wife, one of the most charming of gentlewomen, by Sir John Everett Millais, R.A. The foremost painter of our times has, with tenderest touch and delicate skill, drawn (on an enlarged photograph) an exquisitely perfect crayon portrait of Mrs. Sala, which will unfailingly recall to the bereaved husband "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

## MARRIAGES.

On the 29th ult., at the parish church of St. Lawrence, Appleby, by the Rev. Canon Mathews, Vicar, Frederick Chatfield, younger son of the late Charles Henry Chatfield, Esq., of Kingston-on-Thames, to Ethel Maud, only daughter of John Nanson, Esq., The Old Bank, Appleby.

At St. Winnow Church, Cornwall, by the Rev. George Hill, Vicar of St. Winnow, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Du Boulay Hill, Vicar of Downton, Wilts, Henry Durret Foster, Esq., of Bodmin, seventh son of the late Richard Foster, Esq., of Castle, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, to Louise Andree Amelle, youngest daughter of the late Charles Ernest De Labersac, Viscount De Labersac, of Rochefort, Seine et Oise, France, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Percival and Laura Augusta Hastings Frye.

## DEATH.

On the 4th inst., at 48, Norland-square, Holland Park, W., George French Angus, F.L.S., eldest son of the late George Fife Angus, of South Australia, aged 64.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE BRIGHTON SEASON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.**—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM. EVERY SATURDAY.** Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including Admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hayes Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO,** in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1886-7, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera, Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

## SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

On a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

**ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.**—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

**LONDON and OSTEND.**—The GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S first-class STEAM-SHIPS leave LONDON (Iron-gate and St. Katharine's Wharf, near the Tower) for OSTEND every TUESDAY and SUNDAY. Single fare (steward's fees included): Chief Cabin, 15s.; Fore Cabin, 10s. Return (available for two months): Chief Cabin, 23s.; Fore Cabin, 15s. 6d. For further particulars apply at the Chief Office, Great Tower-street, London, E.C.; or at 14, Waterloo-place, S.W.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW,** by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr." NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

**LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,** OCT. 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1886. Conductor—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Detailed Programmes may be had free. Alderman FRED. R. SPARK, Hon. Sec. Festival Office, Centenary-street, Leeds, Oct. 1, 1886.

**FAUST.**—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight, Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**STRAND.**—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Immense Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE RIVALS, supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance of THE RIVALS, EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE (late THE PRINCES'S,** Coventry-street, W.).—Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Sole Proprietor and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, LA BÉARNAISE, Comic Opera, in Three Acts, from the French of MM. Leterrier and Vanloo. Written by Alfred Murray. Music by André Messager. Produced under the Stage Direction of M. Marius, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Linda Verner, Miss Leslie Bell, Mr. J. J. Dallas, Mr. E. J. Lonne, Mr. W. Cheesman, Mr. S. Harcourt, and Mr. G. H. Snazelle. Chorus of Fifty. Increased Band. Musical Director, Mr. Walter Slaughter. Doors open 7.30. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open daily from Eleven to Five. Telephone, 3700. Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** The New and Sparkling Entertainment of the World-famed

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.** THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD. EVERY NIGHT at Eight, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE O'CLOCK also. Tickets and Places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any description. Fautouils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 7.30 for Day Performance; at 7.30 for Evening Performance.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The name of the Prince of Wales's Theatre belongs, of course, by right to Mr. Edgar Bruce. He was the last tenant of the famous little house in the Tottenham-court-road, and the title was only held in abeyance by the Lord Chamberlain until it was definitely decided whether it would be worth while to rebuild and restore a theatre properly condemned by the authorities for insecurity. The flat has now gone forth. The remains of the old "dust-hole"—the crumbling walls of the old Queen's Theatre—the site of the charming little play-house where Robertson reigned and the Bancrofts made their fortune, are to become dust and ashes—only living memories, that can never die. So, for the sake of the cabmen and many another reason, the Prince's, in Coventry-street, has become the Prince of Wales's, and Mr. Edgar Bruce has started a new entertainment. One of the recognised theatres for comedy and high-class drama has been handed over to French music and petticoats. Many will regret the change; but it cannot be helped. If jingle and jokes pay better than comedy and pathos, nobody can stand in their way. The drama of to-day is becoming a little more childish—that is all. For "La Béarnaise" is another everlasting strumming of the same old tune. The story, with its impossible kingdom, its imbecile monarch, its fussy chamberlain, and its questionable situation, is on a level with the fiction that, in the nursery, interests a child of ten. After that age, the youngsters take to bolder and healthier stuff. They cast aside their baby picture-books, and take up Sir Walter Scott. But lovers of so-called comic opera never weary of this gaily decorated emptiness; they never sicken of this fantastic froth. Take a story of this very antiquated pattern, and pepper it over with a few jokes about Sir Charles Warren and the condemned dogs, and success of comic opera is assured. The dog joke, repeated *ad nauseam*, made the house scream with laughter; and the playgoers of this mighty metropolis must be prepared to have the police and the dogs thrust before them until next year dawns, and with it another spring. No comic writer who values his reputation would dare to produce a play without the dogs. At this moment hundreds of pantomimes are in print, all depending for success on the police and the dogs; low comedians are polishing up their canine "wheezes"; and there are actually those who insist that we are not a comic people! Each Sunday paper, each comic paper, each comic opera, each pantomime, depends for bare life on the eccentricities of Scotland-yard. What would our humourists do without the faithful policeman!

Messenger's music is light, graceful, and pretty, and will delight those who never heard of Offenbach and Lecocq. We have the same kind of fantastic prettiness, the same gaily-petticoated damsels doing the goose-step to the same eternal jingle, the same noisy finales that recall a midnight gallop at a Parisian masked ball, the same effects that have been used scores of times. Up to the second act it was hoped that M. Marius had spared us the pendulum movement or girl's goose-step that is supposed to suggest hilarity on the part of operatic villagers; but, true to fate, back it came again! Everyone "marked time," and conventionality asserted itself once more. But what does it matter if people enjoy themselves, and are pleased with children stories like "La Béarnaise," and goose-step to the same everlasting musical rhythm? They certainly did enjoy "La Béarnaise"—on the first night; they cheered it, they roared at the dog joke, they encored both Miss Florence St. John and Miss Marie Tempest until they were tired, and the whole thing was unquestionably successful. Music, however commonplace, becomes delightful when expressed by such a singer as Miss St. John. She is so earnest, so clear, she pronounces and phrases so well, her method of singing is so charming, that she gives a style and character to music that it would not otherwise deserve. Her rendering of a lullaby song in this opera is simply delicious. There is no dramatic need whatever for the lullaby; it is as much dragged in by the neck and heels as the hunting-song in "Dorothy"; but sung as it is by Florence St. John it becomes a musical poem, and a welcome change from the dogs and the goose-step. Miss Marie Tempest has wonderfully improved; her voice has gained in strength and purity of tone. Her style is delightful; and two such singers as these might make the fortune of a far worse opera than "La Béarnaise"; for the majority of the people go to these operas as they go to a ballad concert, to hear pretty music well sung. The more songs they can get, the better they are pleased. For my own part, I don't see how any comic opera could fail with such a favourite as Florence St. John in the principal part. The thing is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Walter Slaughter's share in the success is not to be under-estimated; and if Mr. Edgar Bruce really means to depose drama in favour of opera, he has made a good start with Messenger's work, that could not convince Paris of its merits, in spite of the singing of Granier and the delightful charm of Milly Mayer.

Mr. Edward Compton is doing remarkably well with his old comedies at the Strand. Intelligent audiences flock still to see Sheridan performed by a company that has very few striking names in it. Compactness and care, however, do wonders, and "The Rivals" is once more made welcome. Apart from the director of the company, who plays Bob Acres in a new fashion, much clever work is shown by Miss Dora Vivian as Lydia, and Mr. Lewis Ball as Sir Anthony Absolute. All that is wanted is a little more briskness and alertness in the minor members of the company. To make Sheridan popular, they must attack him with spirit and gaiety. The modern weary, tired, and drawing manner will not do for the Sir Lucius O'Trigger or Captain Absolutes of the last century.

After all, we are to get "Sophia" back at the Vaudeville, the successful version of "Tom Jones" by Robert Buchanan, that was shelved for "Wild Oats" at the end of the season. Mr. Charles Warner has been cast for Tom Jones, and he ought to play the character remarkably well. We shall see, next Saturday evening. The Olympic Theatre is not to remain long without a tenant. Miss Hawthorne, from America, has taken up the anxieties and responsibilities of Mrs. Conover, and starts her campaign with the French version of "East Lynne." The French "Miss Multon"—played by Fargueil in France, and Clara Morris in America—was always a much better play than the English version of Mrs. Henry Wood's novel, and it was well worth trying in this country. Miss Hawthorne, with great good taste and consideration, has offered Mrs. Conover an engagement at her theatre. This is as it should be, and will be appreciated by the public who admired the generous nature of a lady who suffered from inexperience and the bad advisers who cling around the unfortunate people who are stage-struck. Very shortly we shall see the announcement of the opening of the St. James's Theatre with Mr. Pinero's new play.

An explosion, by which many lives were lost, took place last Saturday at Messrs. Pope and Pearson's colliery at Alfofts.

Next Monday has been appointed for the reception of works of art intended for the autumn exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street galleries.



## THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill Magazine* continues to delight its readers with "Jess," which is seldom long without some exciting scene, though rarely degenerating into the merely sensational. All the writer's ingenuity will be taxed to extricate his hero from the scrape in which he has now involved him. "A Run of Luck in the Var" and "A Dramatic Entrance" are amusing tales in the characteristic *Cornhill* style; and there is food for reflection as well as entertainment in "Parochialia"—notes of trivial recollections, sometimes curiously vivid, sometimes as curiously dim, of aged peasants.

*Macmillan* leads off with an interesting view of England as it appears to our recent visitor, Professor Goldwin Smith. Coming to a country once so familiar, Professor Smith is able to institute comparisons out of the range of an ordinary traveller, and his essay is plainly pervaded by the feeling that the changes he notes are usually for the worse. This is undoubtedly the case, but the question how far they are local or temporary, and how far they are counteracted by other changes, demands a much fuller investigation than Professor Smith has been able to bestow. "The Woodlanders" is continued with all the quiet charm which invests Mr. Hardy's fictions. "Denys l'Auxerrois" is one of Mr. Pater's laboured but marvellously finished studies, which seem rather painted than written. "My Success in Literature" is a most amusing piece of the humour that just keeps on the hither side of nonsense; and there is much beautiful writing in Mr. Grenvill's description of the scenery of the Cape.

"Facts and Fictions in Irish History," contrary to the usual practice of *Blackwood*, is signed by the writer, Lord Brabourne. It is a fair review of the course of English rule in Ireland, refuting many charges, admitting others, and showing the malignity with which the latter have been exaggerated. "Sarracinesca" contains a good sketch of a statesman-cardinal, who looks forward to the alliance of the Church with democracy. His Eminence does not explain what is to become of liberty of thought. This particular liberty is very cleverly illustrated by a notice of the subject catalogue recently prepared by Mr. G. K. Fortescue, superintendent of the Reading-Room at the British Museum. This comprehensive and laborious work classifies the books catalogued during the last five years according to their subjects, thus indicating what the world has been thinking of during the time. The attention of mankind would seem to have been largely engrossed by Irishmen, anti-Semites, Spiritualists, Salvationists, and "Mr. George's poison," while the electric light and bicycling are bibliographically in their infancy, and Old Catholicism and Theosophy are at a discount.

*Longman's Magazine*, besides the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon," has an able discussion of the "Ethics of Plagiarism," by Mr. Brander Matthews, and one of women's work from the medical point of view, by Dr. B. W. Richardson, putting the pros and cons very fairly. Mr. Caryl Battersby contributes a beautiful little lyric, "To a Boy Piping."

*Temple Bar* has the first part of what promises to be a really valuable study of the encyclopædic fiction of Balzac; and a gallery of portraits of the Premier and leading ministers of Eastern Europe, from Count Andrassy to MM. Zankoff and Karaveloff. The figures are vividly drawn.

The *Nineteenth Century* is more interesting than of late, and contains articles on several subjects of practical concern. Among them are the question of receiving the evidence of accused persons, resolved in the affirmative on the high authority of Mr. Justice Stephen; of technical education for mechanics, discussed by Mr. Thomas Wright; of ecclesiastical legislation in Parliament, by Mr. Hubbard; and of the statistics of emigration, by Mr. John O'Neill. It is a most remarkable fact that the proportion of foreigners among the population of stay-at-home France should be one in thirty-four, while in emigrating England it is only one in 124. Mr. O'Neill, however, is very unfair to the House of Lords of last century when he accuses it of rejecting the Census as un-English. The opposition came from the lower orders, and the measure was thrown out not because it was un-English, but because it was unpopular. Mr. Kidd, in a paper on the Civil Service, shows that the service is at present practically recruited under the lower examination.

The *Fortnightly Review's* bill-of-fare is also solid and attractive. Mr. George Meredith puts the policy of "Concession to the Celt" as well and tersely as it can be put; but would grant, we suppose, that it can only succeed when there is no pretence for regarding it as extorted by fear. Mr. Verschoyle's paper on the state of Kerry throws great light on Irish difficulties. His suggestions amount to the suppression of the National League as a temporary palliative, and a liberal scheme of land purchase as a radical cure. Mrs. Linton makes some very sensible observations on the problem of health versus brains involved in the higher education of women. Mr. Grant Allen, as an advocate of natural selection, will hear nothing of Sir George Campbell's scheme of matrimonial selection by Act of Parliament. Mr. Henniker Heaton is an able advocate for universal penny postage; but Dr. Hayman is too rhetorical for a statistician. After all the outcry about the increase of immorality in Germany, it comes out that the total proportion of marriages dissolved is only one per cent.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's disquisition on English politics of the seventeenth century, in the *Contemporary Review*, is effective as a vindication of the Puritan leaders; but it is difficult to see why Bunyan's name should be especially connected with it. The *Review* is unfortunate in having papers on the subjects so generally discussed by other periodicals as the earthquakes in New Zealand and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Mrs. Pennell gives an able account of the development of the modern comic newspaper, and Mr. Alfred Harris draws attention to the technical education of Wurtemberg as an example for Ireland.

The contents of the *National Review*, more diversified than usual, include interesting papers on pictures at Edinburgh, the position of the laity in the Episcopal Church of the United States, and French claims to certain rocky islets hitherto supposed to belong to Jersey. Mr. A. J. Mott shows that Ireland is still greatly over-peopled. Lord Lytton's graceful paraphrase of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, sacrifices all pretension to terseness, one of the greatest charms of the original.

We have a capital number of the *Magazine of Art* for this month, both the literary and artistic contents being good and interesting. There are some curious particulars about the early life of Vandyke, and some "More Royal Academy Scandals." "Shah Jehan Leaving the Great Mosque at Delhi" is an excellent engraving.

The contents of the October number of the *Art Journal* do not sustain the reputation of this old-established magazine. The steel-plate frontispiece, "Gurth, the Swineherd," is a weak rendering of a picture that made a sensation at the Royal Academy a few years ago. The interesting account of "The Home of an English Architect" is concluded. The illustrations are black, and confused. The most remarkable contribution to the number is "Ruskin's Notes on Bewick's 'Birds.'" This is a transcript of notes written in a copy of

Bewick's "Birds" deposited by Mr. Ruskin in the St. George's Museum, near Sheffield. Mr. Ruskin expresses unqualified admiration for much of Bewick's work, but both he and the compiler of the article are a good deal at sea as interpreters of Bewick's tail-pieces. A commentator well up in his subject would have known that the old man lying under a hedge, at page 62 of the first edition of "Land Birds," was intended to represent an old fellow whose loyalty, no doubt seconded by his inclination, caused him to get drunk on the King's birthday, the date of which (June 4) is inscribed on a stone. Again, the well-known vignette of a man and woman on horseback, with a large black leaf right across the woodcut, which the *Art Journal* compiler supposes may represent a "runaway match," was really intended to represent what is called in the Northumbrian vernacular, "fetching the howdy." Was it worth while to publish such trivialities, which were confessedly not intended for publication?

*Harper's Magazine* has a most interesting account by Miss Amelia B. Edwards of the late remarkable discoveries at Tanis, in the Delta. Many of the objects found are engraved, and a conjectural restoration is given of the city as it existed in the time of Moses. "Autumn in England" is a welcome addition to the series of descriptive sketches of the old country in which American readers delight. The *Century* has an account of the great Norwegian novelist, Björnson, illustrated with a fine portrait, and a view of his native spot. The subject of the civil war record for this month is the battle of Corinth, described by General Rosecrans, the hero of the day. Miss Preston's reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson are also very attractive. The resemblance between him and Gordon is very apparent. The *Atlantic Monthly* is distinguished by the continuation of "In the Clouds" and other good stories.

Every article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* contains something interesting or valuable, but the number, as a whole, is not so striking or entertaining as the last. English alliances with Turkey and China, English legislation in India, the importance of Constantinople, ancient Chinese philosophy, are the subjects of able papers; but the only one in any degree amusing is Miss E. Clerke's exposition of the influence of Arabic on the languages of Western Europe.

The present number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is the first of a new volume. It contains the opening chapter of Mr. Farjeon's new story "A Secret Inheritance"; a paper on "Cambridge," by Mr. Oscar Browning; "Some Less Known Towns of Gaul," by Mr. E. A. Freeman; and "The Voyage of the Pelican," by Mr. Mowbray Morris.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is chiefly remarkable for an excellent story by Mr. W. H. Stacpoole, "Mr. Carton's Will," and an alarming—probably, in some degree, an alarmist—vaticination by Mr. Laing Meason, on the mischief to be looked for from Irish dynamitards. We would by no means under-rate the activity of these people; but we anticipate that Mr. Parnell will be the chief sufferer from it. *Belgravia*, as usual, is full of stories, the best of which is Mr. H. F. Lester's farcical "Mysterious Disappearance." "Elizabeth's Fortune," one of the most lively of contemporary novels, continues to be the chief attraction of *London Society*; and a suggestive article on "University Education in Ireland" is the leading contribution to the *Dublin University Review*. *Time* has a vigorous lecture read to Mr. Gladstone by Mr. A. A. Baumann; and a somewhat absurd attempt to deprive Columbus of the glory of having discovered America.

*Illustrations*, in its October number (commencing a new volume), includes, under the heading of "The Press and Press-Buildings," an engraving of the *Illustrated London News* office, with a brief history of its origin and progress, and a portrait of Mr. Herbert Ingram, its founder; an engraving of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's handsome building in the Strand, accompanied by an article on the great press-distributing establishment; the opening chapters of a story, entitled "Dragon Holland," by the editor (Mr. F. G. Heath); and the first of a series of portrait-biographies of "Railway Men."

We have also received Cassell's Family Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal (first number of a new volume), Picturesque Europe, Good Words, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, Ladies' Treasury, Le Follet, Fores's Sporting Notes, Loose Rein, Argosy, Leisure Hour, Indian Magazine, United Service Magazine, Forum, Chambers's Journal, Knowledge, All the Year Round, Army and Navy Gazette, The Theatre, Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Every Girl's Magazine, and others.

## CHINESE MERCHANTS IN BURMAH.

Our readers have noticed in the papers of late frequent reports of the trouble with "dacoits," or bands of marauders, who infest the country of Upper Burmah recently annexed to the British dominion. It was not long ago that a party of Chinese merchants who came to Tonghoo, when travelling homeward through the Shan States, on arriving at Bilin encountered a detachment of our troops patrolling that district; and, being unfortunately mistaken for dacoits, were fired upon, and several were killed. We have received, from a correspondent at Tonghoo, a photograph of these unlucky Chinese merchants, whose injuries, though certainly unintentional, whether the result of accident or of culpable negligence, will be entitled to the best compensation or atonement that the British official authorities can procure. From Calcutta and Madras, this week, comes news of the dispatch of the remaining military forces intended to effect the complete pacification of Burmah, including the 2nd Battalion of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment and the 1st Battalion of the South Yorkshire Regiment. At Rangoon, on Monday last, news was received that the Pretender to the Chiefship of Magoung has been killed. A prominent dacoit leader has been captured at Sagaing, and another at Yacoo. The expedition from Kendat has dispersed the rebels in the Chindwin Valley, inflicting upon them trifling loss. A loyal Woon, who had been forced to join the rebels, was rescued. The construction of the road to the ruby mines has been commenced.

Dr. Kavanagh, parish priest of Kildare, was killed on the altar of his church by the fall of a statue on Tuesday morning, while he was engaged in the performance of his sacred office.

The Commission of Inquiry into the Belfast riots was opened on Monday, Mr. Justice Day presiding.—A party of "Moonlighters" called at the house of Daniel Jones, a farmer, near Williamstown, county Cork, and demanded a gun. The farmer's two daughters refused the demand, and were at once shot. Grave doubts are entertained of their recovery.

Mr. Wyld, of Charing-cross, has published a new map of Burmah, showing Upper and Lower Burmah, the whole course of the river Irrawaddy, with the towns, villages, and fortified stockades. This valuable map also includes the country around Mandalay, the frontiers of China and Siam, and the adjacent parts of India, including Calcutta and Assam, the course of the Brahmapootra, with the railways completed, in progress, and projected.

## THE COURT.

The Queen has walked and taken drives nearly every day. Last week Madame Albani-Gye came over from Old Mar Lodge, accompanied by her sister, Mdle. Jeunesse, to Balmoral, and had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal family in the afternoon. The Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen and Royal family. Yesterday week the Queen, accompanied by Princess Irene of Hesse, drove to Old Mar Lodge, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gye (Madame Albani). On her return drive, through the village of Braemar, her Majesty was loudly cheered by a large number of visitors. The Queen went out last Saturday morning with Princess Irene of Hesse. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, drove to the Danzig, where they were met by Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke of Hesse, who had driven there, and by Princess Irene of Hesse, who had ridden there with Miss Bauer. Divine service was conducted, on Sunday morning, by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the household. The Queen, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Irene of Hesse visited the Prince and Princess of Wales in the afternoon at Abergeldie. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen. On Monday the Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Churchill, drove in the afternoon to Invercauld, and honoured Colonel and Miss Farquharson by a visit. Viscount Cross dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. Laurence Oliphant also had the honour of being invited. By command of her Majesty, the Aberdeen Madrigal Choir sang on Tuesday night before the Queen and Court.

At a deer-drive in the sanctuary of Mar Forest the Prince of Wales killed two splendid stags on Friday last week, another falling to Lord Fife's rifle. On the same forenoon several group views were taken at Mar Lodge, by order of Lord Fife, of the Prince and Princess of Wales and other visitors. The Prince, after a lively week's sport at deerstalking in Mar Forest, finished with a special stag-drive in Glenquoich last Saturday. In the evening his Royal Highness returned to Abergeldie Castle. The Princess of Wales left Mar Lodge on the previous evening for Abergeldie, being accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and her daughters. Early next week the Prince and Princess and family are expected to return south.

The King of the Belgians has paid a flying visit to England.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived at St. James's Palace from the Continent on Monday evening.

The Duke of Cambridge on Monday afternoon laid the memorial-stone of the chapel of St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, Portsmouth, in presence of a brilliant gathering.

## LONDON WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The stringent action commenced this week by the London School Board, in dealing with cases of the non-payment of weekly fees at the Board Schools, has excited much unfavourable comment. On Monday last the new rule came in force, by which the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are to demand the "school-pence," in advance, from every child, before admitting the child to instruction. Every child who does not bring the money on Monday morning is to be instantly sent home, with a notice signed by the master or mistress, and with a form of statement of the reason for not paying the fee, which is to be filled in and signed by the parents. If this be not done, the parents are to be further applied to, and if they do not pay they are to be called upon to appear before persons authorised by the Board, and state the circumstances attending their daily existence, when, if the income be within a prescribed limit, remission might be granted. At a South London penny school of 360 boys present, 80 had not brought their pence; in the infants' department 125 out of 320 were defaulters; and in the girls' 85 of 280 had not paid. At the East-End things were no better, in one class alone 44 of 78 boys being without the money; and in the girls' department 135 of 290 present were in like straits. The infants were without pence to the number of 145, in a total of 330 attending. At another school of upwards of 500 boys more than 160 did not pay their fees. Schools of "special difficulty" were even in a worse position. The reasons assigned for non-payment were want of work and insufficient means; the non-payment was chiefly confined to the lower grades of the poorest schools. If the law makes attendance at school compulsory, the Legislature ought to contrive some other means of providing for its cost. It is doing a great wrong to the poor children, and is likely to prejudice the working-classes, old and young, against education. A certain proportion, more or less, in different districts of London, are really too poor, or may often be unable, by loss of employment, to pay the school fees. We have received a communication from the head master of one Board School, accompanied by a photograph of some of the boys attending his school, which is reproduced in our Engraving. The appearance of these "Waifs and Strays of London Youth" is a strong argument, to our mind, against enforcing the payment of fees by shutting any children out of school for a single day or hour.

A cheque for £1000 has been received from the Duke of Cleveland towards the restoration of the ancient parish church at Wem, Shropshire.

The Portrait of the late Rev. Dr. W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

The Rev. F. F. Goe, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, has been appointed Bishop of Melbourne, in succession to Dr. Moorhouse, now Bishop of Manchester.

The Bishop Lee Classical Scholarship of £140 per annum, tenable for three years, at Trinity College, Cambridge, has been awarded to Mr. J. F. T. Royds, of the Royal Grammar School, Lancaster.

A carillon has been completed for Didsbury church by Mr. J. W. Benson, Ludgate-hill, London. There are eight bells, and the machine, which plays at intervals of three hours, is entirely automatic. A sacred subject will always be played on Sunday.

The Church Congress was opened at Wakefield on Tuesday morning. Sermons were preached in different churches by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Meath and Edinburgh; and, afterwards, the Bishop of Ripon, the president, delivered his inaugural address. He said that there was no question, whether of science, law, or economy, that might not be fitly considered by a Church Congress, and, therefore, they gathered within the scope of their inquiry and thoughts every subject that touched the welfare, health, gladness, purity, peace, and progress of the community. The question of Church reform was discussed in the Congress Hall, and that of Christian evidences in the Lecture Hall. The meetings were continued until Friday.





CHINESE MERCHANTS IN BURMAH, WHO WERE MISTAKEN FOR DACOITS AND FIRED UPON.



WAIFS AND STRAYS OF LONDON: RAW MATERIAL FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.





ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA, TAKEN PRISONER BY THE ROMAN EMPEROR AURELIAN.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY MAYNARD BROWN.



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There does not seem much that is new to be said about the servant difficulty. Of my correspondents, one suggests that school-girls should be taught domestic subjects, a thing which is already done as far as practicable in our Board Schools. The results, I fear, have not been very satisfactory; the theoretical lessons seem to pass out of the girls' heads almost immediately; or at best they are like the rules of grammar, retained as theories, while producing no effect on practice. Teachers may daily notice a girl go straight from an advanced grammatical lesson, to pass some such observation to a fellow-pupil as this:—"You was slow this a'fternoon; you never done one o' them there easy sums, and I done 'em all." Similarly, a girl will be able to state clearly in class the principles (let us say) upon which stewing should be conducted, but none the less in the kitchen she promptly plunges her meat into hot water and stirs up a good blaze under the saucepan. The fact is that domestic labour is an art, and that any art can only be learned practically. The London School Board attempts, at considerable expense, to give practical instruction in plain cookery to the elder girls in the schools. But the brief course of lessons through which these children pass cannot affect the ordinary child's mind. It would be equally reasonable to try to teach the various rules of arithmetic in twenty lessons, each of an hour's duration. What is necessary to teach domestic skill is frequent repetition of its practice; is, in short, the training in the home, day by day, with the lesson constantly repeated till it be learned. The brief time that school-life lasts, and the youth of the scholars, preclude, I fear, any successful attempt to prepare the girls in school for domestic service. Moreover, it is better in the long run, I believe, to develop the general intelligence as fully as possible, and trust to its being usefully applied in the future, rather than to try to make the schools forcing-houses for capacity in one particular class of industry.

The real difficulty lies in the unwillingness of the girls of the working classes to go to service. Upon this point "C. M.," who says she is herself a servant, offers the most sensible remarks. It is customary, she observes in effect, to say that mistresses do not interest themselves enough in their maids' private affairs; but she thinks that the reverse is the case, and that one reason why girls dislike service is the restraint put upon them in matters quite outside their servitude. The cook's work is done by half-past eight, in C. M.'s place; why, she asks, may not cook then go out for an hour whenever she likes, without begging leave? Again, the servants are expected in by half-past nine when they do go out, though they do not retire till two hours later. "This is in case anybody sees us out late, and says mistress's servants don't keep respectable hours; but a full-grown woman don't like to be made to feel that they think she could not take care of herself." Here is the real pith of the difficulty indicated—the modern spirit of independence, which affects all classes as a consequence of the triumph of democratic institutions; and the modern spirit of change, which must result mainly, I think, from the development of the means of communication. Servants now-a-days care nothing about changing their places, while fifty years ago a good situation was valued; in just the same way that people make long journeys now, forsaking their snug homes for novelty and variety, who half a century back would have spent their whole lives, or almost so, in their own quiet town or village. Then as to the other point, the growing democratic independence that hates the daily practical recognition of class differences: do we not see it all round? "When we were boys," says a Warwickshire landowner in the *Agricultural Gazette*, "loitering, bird's-nesting, or ferreting about in holiday times, whatever farm we chanced upon about mid-day, the tenant had us in to dinner as a matter of course. Now, I go shooting over the estate—birds pretty plentiful, but never a hare to be seen—and I get no offer of hospitality anywhere. The old English home-brewed, and the old English welcome, and the old English feeling between landlord and tenant seem to have disappeared together." So the old patriarchal feeling seems to have entirely deserted the household.

Perhaps we shall have to modify our domestic system to some extent in course of time to meet the changed conditions. The number of people who prefer to live in flats rather than in the orthodox self-contained houses goes to show that we are slowly preparing to alter some of our habits. The flats in good situations in London are always let, though the rents asked are far beyond the relative value of the accommodation supplied, measured by the rents of neighbouring houses. Lord Cadogan is going to pull down a large portion of his Chelsea property to build flats upon the land, and no one doubts that the decision is a wise one so far as the landlord's interests are concerned. Yet, twenty-five years ago, not only were there no high-rented flats in London—there were plenty of "apartments" for solitary persons, of course, but there were no great houses let out in separate tenements for distinct family occupation—but it was thought and said by almost all writers that the English character was somehow at variance with the system which suited the French disposition so well. The remarkable and almost sudden success of the flats shows that they met a real want.

All attempts at co-operative housekeeping have hitherto, I believe, been utter failures in London; but yet I foresee that some day the solution of certain growing domestic difficulties of the middle-class of London householders will have to be found in this direction. Domestic, separate, family life will not be resigned, but much of our rougher service—cleaning, cooking, perhaps even catering—may be done by a regular staff of domestic aids, officered by highly capable heads, and all of them enjoying as much independence in their lives, when their duties are over, as the children's daily governess and the butler who sleeps out do at present. But this is only a possibility of the future, and is no relief to the mistresses of to-day. Alas! neither my correspondents nor I can solve the problem of how to make the old arrangements and the new social conditions work generally harmoniously together.

There has been a rapid rise in the price of wool, as we are all finding out to our cost in purchasing our autumn dresses. I have been making inquiries whether this is only the temporary result of speculation and management on the part of the wool-dealers, or if it is based on causes that are likely to make it permanent. I learn that it will certainly last through this winter, and that it will be discreet of us to buy immediately whatever of this material we may need, whether for clothing or blankets. It seems that last year the Australian and American wool-growers lost money, from having overstocked their markets. The American Department of Agriculture has just issued a return, showing the result of this in the United States: in the course of last year the number of sheep was reduced by two millions! All that number were removed from wool-growing to the mutton stage of the sheep's utility. In Australia, also, whole flocks have been sacrificed. The result is that there is a short supply of wool this autumn, and, in consequence, good cloths have risen in price on the Leeds market from threepence to ninepence per yard.

F. F.-M.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A E S.—We have a communication for you. Should it be sent to Morayshire or to Eastbourne?

F M (Prague).—Thanks for your card. The facts of the case are, however, already known here.

C P P (Surbiton).—There is no space in this column for the solution of a problem in thirty-eight moves, nor do we think such compositions possess any interest for the general reader. We recommend you to send your interesting analysis to Mr. Miles, at Fakenham.

C PLANCK, M.A.—I shall be glad to hear from you, with the information asked for.

T C W.—Your letter shall be forwarded to the author, and to Mr. Callander also.

J S L (Natal).—We agree with your judgment of No. 2206. Look at No. 2207 again; there is no solution by the way you propose.

C P H (Bournemouth).—A piece is not deprived of its checking power because it is pinned. In the position described, therefore, the Rook checks the adverse King.

W D (Staines).—See answer to C P H, substituting Kt for Rook.

J M (Belfast).—Please send amended diagram.

W L B (Oxford).—Thanks; the game shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2206, 2207, and 2208 received from O H Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of Nos. 2206 and 2208 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2212 from F C Sibbald (Ontario); of No. 2214 from Thomas Wilmut and Percy R Gibbs; of No. 2215 from Oliver Icingle, W Balle, Clement Fawcett, S B Smith, Emile Frau, Augusta Nicholson (Cardiff), Thomas Chown, E G Boys, Steyning, Percy R Gibbs, E J Gibbs Junior, C Meares, and Peterhouse.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2216 received from J A Schmucke, Oliver Icingle, Columbus, L Falcon (Antwerp), T C Williams, H Lucas, S B Smith, G W Law, W D Wight, E H C Oswald, D B Abraham, E Featherstone, Jack, L Wyman, Lashman Penfold, Nerina, R L Southwell, Rev. Winfield Cooper, C E P, Ben Nevis, Otto Funder (Ghent), Emile Frau, W Hillier, Rev. James Wyse, H T H, Laura Groves, H T Tweddell, W B Smith, E Loudon, W R Haillem, T Roberts, F Lorraine, A C Hunt, A Tannenbaum, Lizzie Hawken, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), E Elsbury, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Shadforth, E G Boys, E Casella (Paris), MacGeorge, Little Bits, Joseph Ainsworth, J Hepworth Shaw, Steyning, C Barragh, J Hall, Hereford, Emma Montesole, Hermit, S Bullen, Julia Short, Richard Murphy (Wexford), W H D Henvey, R H Brooks, Percy R Gibbs, E J Gibbs Junior, J K South Hampstead, W A P, W Biddle, Peterhouse, Thomas Chown, J B Wearing, Royal Goat, Café Xavier (Brussels), Edmund Field, C Meares, Augusta Nicholson (Cardiff), W Heathcote, and G Heathcote.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2215.

WHITE.  
1. B to K 8th  
2. B to R 7th  
3. R to Kt 4th. Mate.

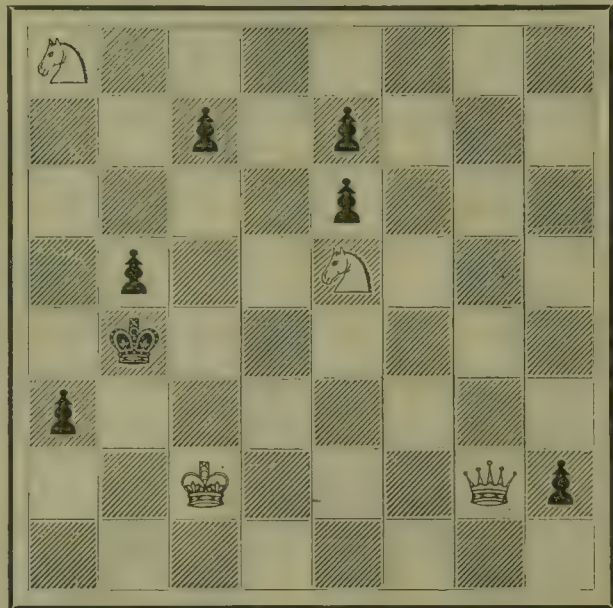
BLACK.  
K takes B P  
K to K 5th

If Black play 1. K takes Q P, White continues with 2. R to K 6th, and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2218.

By KARL FIALA (Prague).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played recently at Romsey, between Mr. W. BENTLEY GEORGE, the best local player, and the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL. (Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.).	BLACK (Mr. M.).	WHITE (Mr. G.).	BLACK (Mr. M.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Q R to K B sq	R to B 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	22. B takes P	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th		A clever combination, and quite sound.
4. B to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	23. R takes R	R takes B
5. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 5th	24. R takes B	B takes R
6. Q to Kt 3rd			Kt to K 4th
Unorthodox, but leading to a highly interesting game. The usual move is 6. Castles.	P takes Kt	Of course, 24. Q takes R would have been followed by 25. Kt to R 5th ch, winning the Queen.	
7. B takes P (ch)	K to B sq	25. Kt to R 5th (ch)	K to R sq
8. Castles	Kt to K R 3rd	26. Q to Q sq	R to K Kt sq
8. Q to K 2nd seems a safer course.	Q to Kt 4th	27. P to Kt 4th	Q to R 5th
9. B to R 5th	Kt to B 3rd	28. K to R 2nd	Q to K 2nd
10. B takes P	Kt takes P	29. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to K 3rd
11. P to Q 4th	B takes P (ch)	Apparently his best move.	
12. P takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	30. Kt to B 5th	Q to Kt 4th
13. K to R sq	P to B 3rd	31. K to Kt 3rd	
14. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 4th	A bold and helpful monarch.	
15. Kt to K 2nd		32. Q takes P	B takes Kt
16. Kt to Kt 3rd		33. P takes B would have been better at this juncture.	
He might have won the K B P at once; but, being minus a piece, a Pawn is not enough.	Kt to Kt 5th	34. P to K R 4th	B to Q B sq
17. P to K R 3rd	K to Kt 2nd	White has conducted the game with skill and judgment. Here, however, we think 33. R to B 5th would have given a chance of a drawn game.	
18. B to Q 2nd		33. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
Correctly played. If 18. P takes Kt, Black wins easily by 18. Q to R 5th (ch) and 19. B to Q 5th (ch), &c.	R to B sq	34. P to Kt 5th	Kt takes R P,
19. B to K 2nd	P to Kt 3rd	35. R to B 6th	and White resigned.
20. R to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd		

The tournament of the Irish Chess Association, at Belfast, ended last week, Mr. W. H. K. Pollock taking the first prize without losing a single point. Mr. Blackburne was second, only a point behind the winner. Mr. Burn was a good third. The other competitors, Messrs. Barnett, Chambers, Harvey, Nicholls, Palmer, and Peake, were not in the running for the prizes; nevertheless, they all fought well, and scored as well as could be expected against the three cracks. Mr. Barnett's score was an extremely good one, as he lost only to Messrs. Pollock, Blackburne, and Burn. According to the rules of the tourney, his achievement secures him the title of Irish champion for the year; but, surely, something more substantial than a merely honorary title should have been provided to mark his success. In the handicap tourney there were fifteen competitors, the highest scores had been made by Messrs. R. W. Barnett, J. D. Chambers, E. Harvey, S. J. Magowan, and J. Neill, in the order named. The next meeting of the association will be held in Dublin, when we shall hope the Irish chessplayers will show a higher average in the score.

A new chess club has been formed at Kingstown, near Dublin, by Mr. T. B. Rowland, with every prospect of a successful career. It is supported by some of the most influential men of Kingstown, Bray, Dalkey, Killiney, Monkstown, Blackrock, and Dublin, and thirty members were enrolled at the preliminary meeting. Major Gibton was elected president, and Mr. F. E. Ladd honorary secretary and treasurer.

The Athenæum Chess Club, Camden-road, opens the season on Saturday, the 16th inst., with an exhibition of simultaneous play by Mr. Blackburne, against twenty-four adversaries. During the past season the club engaged in twenty matches, and came out victorious in sixteen of them. The remaining four were lost to Brighton, Brixton, and North London (two).

"Chess Souvenirs" is the title of a handsome little volume, within the covers of which Mr. E. J. Winter Wood has collected 104 of his problems, besides a cleverly-told chess story in verse, after the style of an Ingoldsby legend. We can cordially recommend this little book as a desirable companion to the student of problems during the approaching winter evenings.

A ball has been given at the Townhall, Dover, by the Munster Fusiliers, in honour of the presentation of new colours.

QUEEN ZENOBIA A PRISONER.

One of the most romantic figures in the history of the Roman Empire is that of the brave and accomplished Syrian Princess, the widow of Odenatus, who reigned after her husband's death in the stately city of Palmyra, or Tadmor, situated in an oasis of the Desert between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean. She had received a Greek education, as she claimed kindred with the former Macedonian Kings of the East; and the eminent philosopher, or perhaps only scholar, critic, and rhetorician, Longinus, author of a famous treatise "On the Sublime," resided at Zenobia's Court as preceptor to her sons. It was in the third century of the Christian era, when the Imperial power of Rome, administered by a stern military despot, a mere soldier, the son of a barbarian peasant, was stretched forth to complete the destruction of the native States of Western Asia. In the year 272 A.D. the Emperor Aurelian led his army to overthrow the Queen of Palmyra, defeated her in two battles, near Antioch and at Emesa, and then besieged and captured her beautiful city. Zenobia escaped on a fleet dromedary; but was overtaken on the banks of the Euphrates, and was brought a prisoner into the camp of Aurelian, which is the scene depicted by the artist in the painting, of which we have copied only a part. The Emperor put to death Longinus, who had been the Queen's political adviser, and had encouraged her to assert her independence of Rome. An insurrection of the populace against the Roman garrison, with a treacherous massacre, a few days after the withdrawal of Aurelian and his main army, was most cruelly punished. The Romans slaughtered many thousands of the citizens of Palmyra, and burnt the city, with its splendid palaces and temples, the ruins of which are still to be seen. Zenobia herself, with her children, was carried off to Rome, and was led captive in the triumphal procession of Aurelian to the Capitol, wearing heavy chains of gold. She lived some years longer at Tivoli, in close retirement, where she died at a date not on record; but her story has often been cited as an interesting example of the vicissitudes of life. It is the subject of a work of high literary merit by an American writer: "Letters from Palmyra," by the Rev. Henry Ware, of Boston, published nearly fifty years ago.

OBITUARY.

SIR J. C. MOLTENO.

The Hon. Sir John Charles Molteno, K.C.M.G., died suddenly on the 1st ult., at his residence, Claremont House, Cape Town, aged seventy-two. His distinction was achieved in South Africa. In 1854 he represented Beaufort West in the Legislative Assembly, and continued to sit in several successive Parliaments for the same constituency. He was subsequently member for Victoria West, Cape of Good Hope. His first appointment as Colonial Secretary to the Government there was in 1872. He held office until 1873, when he resigned, but was reinstated in 1881. In 1882 he received the Order of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose portrait and memoir are given on page 381.

Major-General Septimus Hodgson, late H.M. 2nd Madras Light Cavalry, on the 26th ult., aged fifty-four.

The Rev. Dr. Croskerry, Professor of Theology at the Magee Presbyterian College, Londonderry, on the 3rd inst.

Rear-Admiral Bedford Clapperton Trevelyan Pim, one of the brave band of Arctic explorers, in his sixty-first year.

The Rev. William Binnie, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Free Church College, Aberdeen, aged sixty-three.

Lady Hobart, the widow of Frederic John, Lord Hobart, and mother of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, at her house in Eccleston-square, on the 2nd inst.

Mr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, LL.D., of Valentines, Essex, the well-known Shakspearean commentator, on the 26th ult., in his sixty-third year, at his residence near Ilford.

General Richard Walter Lacy, late Lieutenant-Colonel 36th Regiment, aged seventy-six, at Reichenhall, Bavaria; an old Crimean officer, present at the siege of Sebastopol, and in the final assault.

Dowager Lady Humble (Elizabeth Philippa), widow of Sir John Nugent Humble, Bart., of Cloncoskoran, in the county of Waterford (whose death we announced a few months since), and only daughter of Mr. George Fosbery, of Clorane, in the county of Limerick. Her eldest son is the present Sir John Nugent Humble, third Baronet.

Mr. William Grinfield Lely, of Carlton Scroop, Lincolnshire, J.P., on the 26th ult., in his forty-ninth year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John Lely Ostler, of Cawthorpe House, and assumed the surname of Lely under the will of his great-uncle, Mr. Frederic Lely. Of this family was Sir Peter Lely, the Court painter of the time of Charles II.

Mr. Arthur Edward Knox, M.A., J.P., late 2nd Life Guards, formerly of Castlereagh, in the county of Mayo, and Trotton House, Midhurst, Sussex, on the 23rd ult., at Dale Park, Arundel, aged seventy-eight. He married, in 1835, Lady Jane Parsons, and by her (who died in 1833) had, with other issue, the late Lawrence Edward Knox, M.P. for Sligo, founder of the *Irish Times*.

Colonel Duncan Macpherson, of Cluny, the chief of a Highland clan, aged fifty-three. He was Colonel in the 42nd Highlanders, fought at the relief of Lucknow, in Ashantee, and at Tel-el-Kebir. Colonel Macpherson, in 1867, married Ellen, daughter of Major-General Harris, of the Bengal army. Having died without issue, he is succeeded by his brother, Colonel Ewen Macpherson.

Lady Hutt (Fanny), widow of the Right Hon. Sir William Hutt, K.C.B., on the 26th ult., at Appley Towers, Isle of Wight. This lady, still remembered as one of the beauties of the Viceregal Court of Dublin, was elder daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Stanhope, K.C.H., fifth son of the third Earl of Harrington. She married first, in 1841, Colonel James Hughes, C.B., brother of the first Lord Dinorben; and secondly, in 1861, Sir William Hutt, but had no issue.

A new cemetery of about thirty acres was formally dedicated and publicly opened at Brighton on Monday.

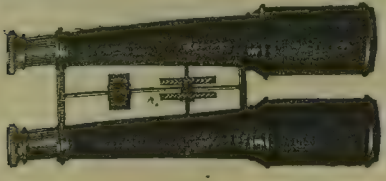
On the occasion of the opening of the medical session, addresses were yesterday week given at the medical schools in connection with the metropolitan hospitals; and further introductory addresses were given on Monday and Tuesday.

Twelve hundred ministers and delegates of the Baptist denomination assembled on Monday evening at Bristol to inaugurate the annual session of the Baptist Union. A reception was given by the Mayor in the Colston Hall. The business meetings began on Tuesday, Sir Morton Peto presiding. In the evening an enormous gathering at Colston Hall, presided over by Mr. Townsend, of Bristol, witnessed the designation of ten missionaries for various foreign stations, and were commended to the work in an address from Dr. McLaren, of Manchester.



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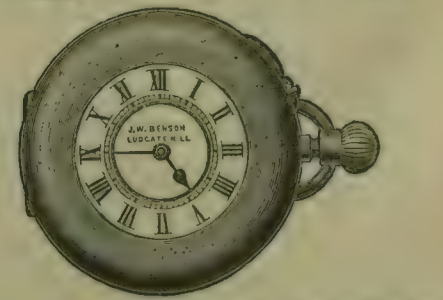
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## THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY.

The Rev. William Hepworth Thompson, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, died, at the College Lodge, on the 1st inst., aged seventy-six. He was born at York, received his education at a private school, and graduated at Trinity, of which he was elected a scholar in 1830. His first University success was the members' prize, and he rose—through a series of academical honours, including a First Class in the Classical Tripos, a Senior Wranglership, and the second Chancellor's medal—to be Fellow, and eventually, in 1866, Master, of Trinity College, in succession to Dr. Whewell. He had previously been appointed Regius Professor of Greek and Canon of Ely. Dr. Thompson's career was one of great academical and literary distinction. As a Greek scholar, he attained the highest eminence; and in literature is best known by his editions of the "Phædrus" and "Gorgias," and of Archer Butler's "Lectures on Ancient Philosophy." His review, in the *Academy*, of Professor Jowett's "Plato" is a good specimen of his critical style of writing. Dr. Thompson was for twenty years Master of Trinity, and during that period the great college over which he presided fully maintained the first place in the University of Cambridge. Dr. Thompson married Mrs. Peacock, widow of Dean Peacock, and sister of the late Bishop of Lichfield.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 18, 1881) of Miss Mary Elizabeth Tanner, late of Foulden Lodge, Upper Clapton, who died on July 17 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by John Morley, Peter Gellatly, and the Rev. Henry John Gamble, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £79,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000, upon trust for, and certain furniture in her drawing-rooms, &c., to her maid, Jane Johnston; £1000, upon trust for, her carriage and horses and certain furniture in her dining-room and library to her coachman, Joseph March; and other legacies. These legacies are all to be paid out of such part of her property as cannot by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, and the residue thereof she gives to the said Rev. Henry John Gamble. The testatrix also bequeaths £3000 to the Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £2000 to the Deaf and Dumb Females Asylum, Clapton; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, the Colonial Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill; the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; and the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews;—£500 each to the Earlswood Idiot Asylum, the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, and the German Hospital, Dalston; £300 to the Sunday school in connection with the Congregational church at Upper Clapton; £300 to be distributed, at the discretion of the ministers and deacons, among the poor of the said church; and £100 to the dispensary at Stoke Newington. The residue of such part of her property as may by law be given for charitable purposes she leaves between the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London City Mission, and the London Missionary Society.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1873), with five codicils, of Mr. John Hubbersty Mathews, barrister-at-law, late of No. 142, Harley-street, who died on July 30 last, at Deal, was proved on the 16th ult. by John Edward Chapman Mathews, Edmund farington Mathews, George Hargreave Mathews, and Ernest Mathews, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. There are gifts to his wife



THE LATE REV. DR. W. H. THOMPSON, D.D.,  
MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(who is also provided for by bond), children, and other relatives, and others. The residue of his personal estate the testator leaves to his said four sons and to his two daughters.

The will and codicil of Adolphe Joseph Henri Stanislas, Marquis de Lascases, late of the Château de Leoville, Gironde, France, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, who died on Aug. 27 last, were proved in London on the 22nd ult. by Bernard Jean Gaston, Marquis de Lascases, the son, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £66,000. After payment of legacies and expenses, the testator gives the residue of the disposable portion of his property to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1885) of Major-General Sir William Hill, K.C.S.I., late of No. 8, Kensington Garden-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 20 last, at Southsea, was proved on the 16th ult. by Dame Sybella Hill, the widow, and Edmund Lynch Nugent, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £8000. The testator bequeaths to his wife his wines and consumable stores, and the balance at his banker's, after payment of debts and expenses. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at

her death he gives £1000 to the Church Missionary Society, and three other legacies; and the remainder of his estate to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, Salisbury-square, Fleet-square.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1885) of Mr. Narbrough Hughes D'Aeth, late of Knowlton Court, near Wingham, Kent, who died on July 2 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Lewis Narbrough Hughes D'Aeth, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator bequeaths certain furniture and effects at Knowlton Court, stock, and crops to his said son, who succeeds to the Knowlton estate. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Charlotte Hughes D'Aeth.

## SION COLLEGE.

The handsome edifice on the Thames Embankment which the President and Fellows of Sion College have built for themselves is completed. Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1566, bequeathed money for the foundation of the college, situated till lately in London-wall, where his executors laid out £2450 in the purchase of a plot of land, which the growth of mercantile London has so increased in value as is more than sufficient to provide this new site and the handsome and commodious new building. It is the London clergymen's club-house, with an extensive library and a kitchen, though its Gothic architecture, its stained glass, its massive black walnut balustrades up the staircase, its carved oak screens and over-mantels and ceilings, impart to it the ecclesiastical tone suitable to its grave and reverend occupants. The library is, however, the great feature of the college. The entrance to the library is from a lobby, a portion of the library partitioned off by a beautiful screen of carved oak, with tracery panels filled in with lead lights. There is a gallery round the library, and down one side are bays, in which studious readers may bury themselves amid the books with which these recesses are lined. This room is about 100 ft. long and from 20 ft. to 40 ft. wide. It is lofty, well lighted, and finely proportioned, and presents a decided contrast to the dreary, gloomy old library formerly at London-wall. There is also a large common room, with conveniently arranged sliding partitions which permit of its being divided into two apartments. The oak ceiling in this hall is a fine piece of workmanship, in deep moulding and panelled beams. The large window looking out towards the river is gorgeous with stained glass, much of which has been transferred from the old building. It presents the coats of arms of all the presidents of the college since its institution in 1630. It was the Rev. John Simpson who founded the library, and his escutcheon is one of those blazoned in the hall window. The library is a very important one, and is provided for, not only in the great hall already described, but in spacious, well-appointed fireproof book-rooms. With minor features, a room for the librarian, another for the sub-librarian, a court-room, a dining-room, lavatories, housekeeper's apartments, and so forth, Sion College is a fine establishment, and a decided ornament to the Thames Embankment. Mr. Arthur W. Blomfield, of Montagu-square, is the architect of the new building, which is constructed of brick, with dressings of white stone.

The members of the Junior Carlton Club on Monday again entered into possession of their club-house, which during the last eighteen months has been almost reconstructed from basement to roof, and now takes rank as the most sumptuous and splendid of all the palaces which adorn Pall-mall, or indeed any other of the streets in Club-land.



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ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti are well in advance of all other competitors for public attention. Their collection of pictures is not on this occasion limited to the works of foreign schools, although the majority come from such sources. There is, as on former occasions, a fair sprinkling of Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Troyon, &c.; but such works have more interest for the picture collector than for the ordinary frequenter of picture exhibitions. To such, the beauties as well as the shortcomings of these ever-popular masters are only too well known, and he is more concerned with the rising talents and aspirations of his own immediate contemporaries. Amongst these we may signalise in this gallery some exquisite little studies of Italian, chiefly Venetian scenery, by Miss A. Brandeis. Amongst the ten carefully finished and brightly coloured little works she sends, the "Albrizzi Palace" (45), with its festoons of climbing plants, is one of the most delightful; but the "Porta all' Abazia" (38) and the "Cavalli Palace" (83) are almost equally noteworthy. M. H. Van de Hecht's "Landscape and Cattle" (4 and 20) shows what foreign feeling or delicacy a Belgian artist can throw into English scenery, and, by the aid of sunlight and atmosphere, can soften the deep shadows which our trees and hedgerows throw across the landscape. Of M. Paul Lazerges' contributions, the "Pilgrim Arabs" (75), a large Academic work, is the most important. There is much that is striking in the realistic scene, and the blazing sun, against which the pilgrims seem to find no shelter, is powerfully handled; but our feeling is that the whole surrounding is too grey and cold, and more suggestive of the landes of Gascony than of the deserts of Algeria. M. G. Washington's "Sortie of the Caid" (64) gives better the idea of one who has studied with profit in the school of Fromentin. There is life in the group of prancing horses and shouting Arabs awaiting the appearance of the Minister of Justice, who is slowly issuing from under the gateway of the ruined fort. Another eastern picture, rich in colour and clever in composition, is Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Pacha and his Councillors" (50). Mention should also be made of M. Tissot's "Little Blonde" (34), more broadly painted than is usual with him; M. De Sauze's "Messenger Attacked" (59), a minutely painted snow-scene; Mr. A. E. Mulready's "Sounds of Revelry" (99), a little vulgar in conception, but full of spirit and promise; M. Courant's "Low Tide" (101); M. Malecki's "King's Castle at Cracow" (109); and, as a curious instance of survival, M. Gallait's "Fisherman's Wife" (88), a strangely homely subject to be painted by anyone who bears a name associated with the Counts Egmont and Horn, and the moving episodes of the Revolt of the Netherlands. Two works, moreover, stand out amongst all the others in this exhibition, and, for those who have not already seen them, should prove attractive—Roybet's "Drinker" (80), one of his cleverest and, in spite of the title, most sedate works; and Bastien Le Page's well-known portrait of "Sarah Bernhardt" (41) and its less well-known polished steel frame.

The copy of Raffaele's "San Sisto Madonna," now on view at Messrs. Winch's (24, Old Bond-street), deserves a visit from those who take an interest in this form of art. The work has no claim to be called a replica in the ordinary sense of the term, for it was neither done by Raffaele himself nor under his eye and in his lifetime. Nor is it but a mere copy done by rule of thumb by a journeyman copyist. The artist, whoever he may have been, had his own ideas even when reproducing the great master's work, the difference being chiefly in the position of the child's head; but the eyes no longer possessing that dreamy wonderment which is the charm of the original. The Madonna's figure, moreover, is somewhat foreshortened, and is consequently less graceful than in the Dresden work. The colouring is a trifle heavy, especially in the lower folds of the Virgin's dress, but otherwise it is a clever imitation of the original. Unfortunately, the picture has no story, or at best a very vague one, according to

which it was found by an Englishman many years ago in some out-of-the-way monastery in Italy. Instead of notifying abroad his discovery, he seems to have valued it as little as did the original (?) owners; and it was only on his death that it came into the hands of those who now submit it for public appreciation. It is, of course, well-nigh impossible for any one, short of being an expert, to assign a work of this kind to any particular school or period; and it is pretty certain that no two experts would agree on either point. It is, therefore, with much diffidence that we suggest it to have been possibly an Academical study of the Bolognese school, executed towards the beginning of the last century, or, perhaps, a trifle earlier.

The annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain is, as usual, held in the rooms of the old Water-Colour Society, and shows but little falling off from previous years. Unfortunately, the "points" of a photograph are when a certain pitch of excellence has been obtained, difficult for the outsider to seize with any degree of certainty. He may find that certain pictures recall well-known scenes vividly to his mind, that the poses are natural or artistic, that the flesh is palpable, and the outlines soft; or, on the other hand, he may be struck with the accuracy with which some fleeting image has been seized, some passing phase of cloud or sky permanently fixed. Nevertheless, he will, in many cases, be told that his criterion is defective, and that only those who understand the secrets of the science (for after all, photography is a science as well as an art) can pronounce authoritatively on the excellence of a portrait or a landscape. We will, however, on this occasion leave the science to others, briefly mentioning those works which we believe will commend themselves to the general taste. Taking them in order, we should select amongst the landscapes Mr. W. M'Leish's "Richmond Castle, Yorkshire" (10); Mr. Jean Ville's numerous ice and mountain studies, especially "l'Aiguille du Dru" (39) and a "Glacier Mill" (571); Mr. Harry Tolley's "Fishing in Miller's Dale" (123), Mr. Collis Pettit's "Langdale Pikes" (126); various productions of the School of Military Engineering—for instance, "Furness Abbey" (127), a group of landscapes (244), and "The Alpine Heights" (412), by the Autotype Company. Amongst the animal studies, "The Queen's Dogs" (55), twenty in number, photographed by Mr. G. P. Cailland, and Mr. R. Lord's "Neddy's New Shoes" (349) seem thoroughly to merit the medals awarded to them. Of figure studies, a group of boys, "Fishing" (235), by Mr. Georg Brokesch, and Mr. H. W. Gridley's "The Good Fiasco" (146)—an old monk emptying a flask of Chianti or Montepulciano—are very clever; and for portraits, those by Messrs. W. J. Byrne and Co. (78), that of a lady by Mr. Fritz Eilender (112), outdoor portraits (249) by Mr. Leonard Blake, and Mr. Faulkner's instantaneous portraits of children (281). Those by Mr. G. Brokesch (233) are excellent, and the pictures taken by K. Brandel's photorevolver are very surprising, adding a new danger to the streets. Sea-pieces are well represented by Messrs. West and Son's "Yacht Studies" (30) and Lady Brassey's "Sea Studies" (552-3), though her "Crater of Mount Vesuvius" (570) is still more interesting. In fact, it is not the least of the charms of photography that it seems to be an art in which amateurs or professionals can compete on equal terms. In conclusion, we ought to allude to the very remarkable results obtained by the Autotype Company, in reproducing works of art of all kinds by means of their process of autogravure, of which, the Meryon etchings (416) are the most noteworthy. Mr. I. J. Dixon's reproduction of Landseer's "Shoeing the Bay Mare" (419) and Mr. J. W. Edward's old engraving (440) suggest what excellent uses, and what delicacy of touch, can be obtained by photography.

Vienna is determined to show that it will not be behind other centres of industry in giving its workmen every inducement and facility to improve and diversify taste in manufacture. Finding the Government slow to appreciate

the pressing needs of art-industry, a private society has founded in the Austrian capital an Oriental museum, which offers many features worthy of imitation by our lavishly endowed South Kensington Museum. The aim of the projectors of the Vienna museum is to bring together models and patterns of every kind of object, more or less artistic, in vogue amongst Orientals, which can be manufactured in Austria. The contents of the museum are systematically arranged; and attached to each object is a card, on which may be found its cost, the habits of the people by whom it is used, the traditions attaching to its sale, the process of manufacture, the method of packing, the means of payment, &c. In connection with the museum is a library, containing all publications, especially commercial reports, relating to the Eastern countries. Public lectures are also given at stated intervals, but are strictly limited to the relations of art and commerce, in order that those who attend them may with confidence expect to hear nothing not materially affecting their business. A catalogue is further published at a small price, recapitulating the information given on the cards, and each month a supplement is published containing notices of any fresh addition to the contents of the museum; and any modification in the existing commercial relations with foreign countries.

The King and Queen of Greece, with their children, arrived in Paris on Sunday, to remain there about a fortnight.—The Duc d'Aumale has given Chantilly, with its valuable art and literary collections, to the Institute of France.

Don Enrique de Bourbon, Duke of Seville, has addressed a manifesto to the Spanish people, announcing a desire to assist in the establishment of a Republic in Spain.—The court-martial on the leaders of the revolutionary outbreak in Spain was held last Saturday, and several of the prisoners, including Brigadier-General Villacampa, were sentenced to death. After a long deliberation the Cabinet has advised the Queen Regent, to commute the death sentence passed upon the rebels.

The Queen of Denmark and the King and Queen of the Hellenes, with their children, left Copenhagen on Friday last week.—The thirty-ninth Session of the Danish Diet was opened on Monday in the University Festival Hall by Prime Minister Estrup in the King's name. Mr. Liebe was re-elected Chairman of the Landsting, and Mr. Berg Chairman of the Folkething. At a meeting of the Folkething on Tuesday the Prime Minister laid before the House the Budget for 1887-8, showing a revenue of 53,391,263 crowns, and an expenditure of 62,029,630 crowns.

The Canadian Government has decided, on the reassembling of Parliament, to apply for a vote of £20,000 as a contribution to the proposed Imperial Institute to be established in celebration of the jubilee of Queen Victoria. Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald A. Smith have each contributed £5000 to the same object. In addition to the Dominion Government the Provincial Governments will heartily support the proposed Imperial Institute. Sir C. Tupper has addressed enthusiastic meetings in Toronto and Montreal on this subject, and the proposal has been received with general approval by the press and the public.

The Hon. T. T. A'Beckett has been appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Victoria.—The revenue of Victoria for the past quarter shows an increase of £111,000, and that of South Australia a decrease of £120,000. In the former colony the Irrigation Bill has passed the Legislative Assembly.—Sir Saul Samuel, the Agent-General, has received a return from the Government of New South Wales, stating that the estimated population on June 30 last was 1,003,867.—The Hon. Duncan Gillies, Premier of Victoria, has taken the initiative in proposing that the six self-governing colonies of Australasia shall jointly contribute £20,000 towards the Imperial Institute. The Government of Western Australia has intimated its readiness to give £5000.

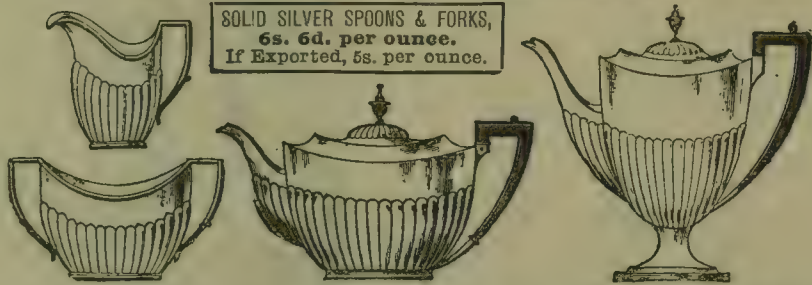
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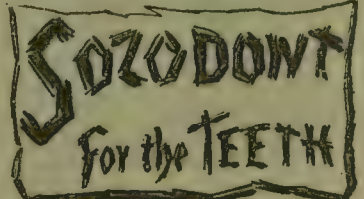
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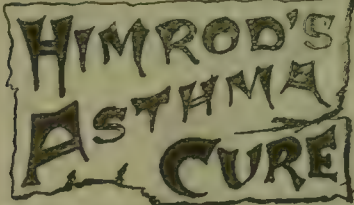
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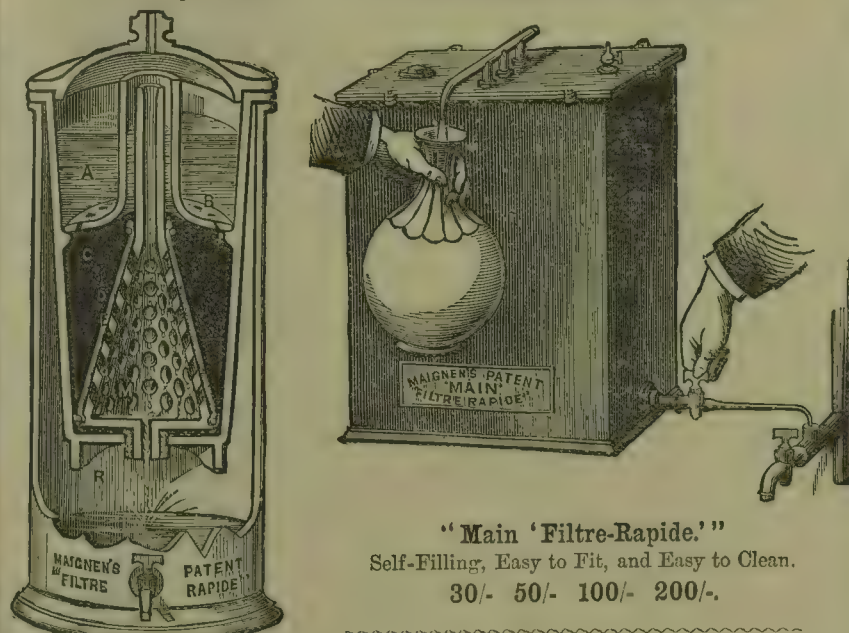
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There in the corner dim, just now:  
With blue eyes ever so solemn, Childie,  
And a quaint wrinkle upon your brow,  
Wishing that you could be older, Childie,  
Older and wiser and tall like me?  
Ah, wait for the years to go by, Childie;  
Sigh not for what all too soon must be.

For older you grow every moment, Childie;  
Time will not wait by the way for kings;  
But 'tis sad to lay off when we're tall, Childie,  
Our happy hearts with our out-grown things:  
And wiser is something beyond, Childie,  
As you'll understand as the long years go;  
For 'tis only when we grow old, Childie,  
We learn how little we really know.

Let each day bring what it will, Childie,  
You're old enough to be true to-day,  
And tall enough for your words, Childie,  
To reach to Heaven when you kneel to pray,  
And you have for your own two treasures, Childie,  
Better than wisdom or wealth untold:  
A soul unsullied by evil, Childie,  
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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Bess did as she was commanded, holding the bag in her hand, and keeping her eyes tightly closed, while she repeated the words on her knees.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.



## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE PRIVATEERS.

The time allowed to a sailor in which to make love is short, being no more than the interval between two voyages. (He generally makes up for brevity by the display of an ardour unknown to landmen.) And now the hour approached when Jack must tear himself from the arms of his mistress, and go forth again to face the rude blast, the angry ocean, and the roaring of the enemy's guns. Regardless of his former sufferings, he desired nothing better than to put to sea once more; and he was not one to go away crying because there would be no more kisses for a spell.

Among the King's ships laid up in ordinary at Deptford, during the seven years' peace, was a certain twenty-eight-gun frigate called the *Tartar*. I know not what had been her record up to this period; but that matters nothing, because it will be allowed that she is now very well known to all French sailors, and regarded by them with a very peculiar terror. She was built on lines somewhat out of the common, being sharper in the bows and narrower in the beam than most ships. She rode deep, but she was so fast a sailer that nothing could escape her when she crowded all her canvas and gave chase; a beautiful ship she was, to my eyes, even while laid up in ordinary, with the topmasts taken out of her, and her upper deck covered with tarpaulin, like a long tent.

"But," said Jack, "you should see such a ship sailing. What do you landmen know of a ship, when you have never seen one running free before the wind, every inch of canvas set—studdin'-sails, stay-sails, flying jib, sky-scrapers, and all? You draw ships, Luke; but you have never even seen a ship at sea."

That was true; but, on the other hand, I never attempted to draw a ship sailing on the ocean, nor have I ever painted waves or the open sea.

"Wait till you have seen the *Tartar* in a brisk nor'wester, her masts bending, she riding free, answering the least touch of her helm like a live thing—for that matter, a ship at sea is a live thing, as every sailor knows, and has her tempers."

Jack became enamoured, so to speak, of this vessel from the first day when he revisited the Yard and saw the carpenters and painters at work upon her, and desired nothing so much as to be commissioned to her; for it was quite certain that she would be manned and dispatched as soon as they could fit her out. (At this time they were working extra hours, and from daybreak to sunset, the men drawing increased pay, and all as happy as if the war was going to last for ever.)

"She is," he said, "a swift and useful vessel, and wants nothing but a fighting Captain, who will not wait for the enemy, but will sail in search of him and make him fight. I would she had such a Captain, and I was on board with him."

He presently got his desire, as you will hear, and the ship got such a Captain as he wished for her.

Meanwhile the days passed by, and still his appointment was delayed, so that, in spite of his amour, he began to fret and to grow impatient. The great man on whose word he relied had made him a clear and direct promise from which there could be, one would think, no departing. "Trust me, Lieutenant," he said; "I assure you that you shall be appointed to a ship with as little delay as possible." Yet appointments were made daily, and his own name passed by. What should we think, I humbly ask, of a plain merchant in the City who should thus disregard a straightforward pledge? Yet what would ruin the credit of a merchant is not to be blamed in a great man. By the advice of the Admiral, Jack once attended the levée of his noble patron; but, being unaccustomed to courtiers' ways, ignorant of the creeping art, and unused to push himself to the front, he got no chance of a word, or any recognition; though he says his patron most certainly saw him standing in the crowd; and so came away in disgust, railing at those who rise by cringing, and swearing at the insolence of lacqueys. He then made a personal application at the Navy Office, where the clerks treated him with so much rudeness and contempt that it was a wonder he did not lose his temper and chastise some of them. So that his affairs looked in evil plight, and it seemed as if he might be kept waiting for a long time, indeed, and perhaps never get an appointment or promotion. For, though the Peace Estimates had reduced the Navy from the footing of 50,000 officers and men to that of 10,000—so that, when the war broke out again, the Admiralty were wanting officers as well as men—yet, as always happens, the applicants for berths were more numerous than the berths to be given away; and the favoritism which is everywhere unhappily in vogue, at the Admiralty hath always reigned supreme.

"Of one thing," he declared, "I am resolved. If I do not get my appointment before many months, I will seek the command of a privateer, or at least the berth of Lieutenant on board of one. There is, I know, no discipline aboard a privateer; the men are never flogged, and are generally a company of mutinous dogs, only kept in order by a Captain who can knock them down. But they are sturdy rascals, and will fight. I hear they are fitting out a whole squadron of privateers at Bristol; and there is a craft building at Taylor's yard, in Redriff—I saw her yesterday—which is never intended to carry coals between Newcastle and London, or sugar between Kingston and Bristol. She means Letters of Marque, my lad. Perhaps I could get the command of her. I am young, but I am a King's officer; and if you come to navigation—well, one must not boast. I will not stay at home doing nothing—what! when there is fighting? No. I must go, too, and take my luck. If they will not have me either in the King's service, or on board a privateer, or in the Company's navy, why, my lad, there is nothing left but to volunteer and go before the mast. They would not refuse me there, I warrant, and many a poor fellow has done as much already."

It is true that, on the reduction of the naval force, there were many unfortunate young men, chiefly among the midshipmen, who saw no hope of employment, being without interest, and therefore were obliged to give up the King's service, and either to get berths on merchantmen or to take commissions in the Company's service; or even, as certainly happened to some, to volunteer for service before the mast. Some became smugglers; some—but these were chiefly officers from the disbanded regiments—became town bullies and led captains; some strolling actors, and some highwaymen. The fate of these poor fellows was much in the mouths of the young officers waiting, like Jack, for a ship, who met and talked daily at the Gun Tavern.

Fortunately, our Lieutenant was not called to embark on board a privateer, for he found a friend who proved able and willing to assist him. This was the Resident Commissioner of the Yard, Captain Potherick, who took up Jack's case for him, and that so effectually, though I know not in what way,

that he presently procured for him the appointment promised him, and which most he desired—namely, that of third Lieutenant to the frigate *Tartar*, to whom Captain Lockhart was now appointed. And he was a fighting Captain, indeed, if ever there was one.

I am sure that on the day which brought him his commission, there was no happier man in Deptford than Lieutenant Easterbrook. He had now been in the service for nearly ten years, and for seven of them had been, through no fault of his own, debarred from every opportunity of distinction. Behold him, therefore, at last with his foot well on the ladder, albeit very near the lowest rung, holding his Majesty's commission as Lieutenant to H.M. frigate *Tartar*. On that day it happened that the bells were ringing and the guns firing—to commemorate I know not what event. To Jack and to his friends it seemed as if the bells were ringing and the cannon were fired in his honour, and to celebrate his appointment.

"As for her orders," said Jack, "I care little whether we are sent, because it is certain that there will be hot work to do, wherever we go. The French, they say, are strong in North American waters, and they are reported to be fitting out a great fleet at Toulon; they are also reported to be collecting troops at Boulogne and at Havre for embarkation, no doubt for the invasion of the English coast, if they pluck up spirit enough. Well, Bess, we shall be among them, never fear."

There was, as many will remember, a great scare at this time that the French were preparing to invade us, and there were some who talked mournfully of another Battle of Hastings, and of King Louis coming over to be crowned at Westminster Abbey. The smugglers (who in times of peace are hanged but in times of war are courted) reported great preparations along the French coast, though not, so far as could be learned, comparable with the gathering of men and material they made in the year 1745, when they were preparing to back up the Pretender. Nevertheless, the danger was thought to be so pressing that everything else must be neglected while the Government provided for the home defence; and the *Tartar* (though this we knew not yet) was destined to join the Channel Fleet. Meantime, as is mere matter of history, the French very leisurely put to sea from Toulon, with the finest fleet, I think, that the world had ever seen, and had plenty of time to take Minorca. Then followed the unlucky Admiral Byng's famous engagement with the Marquis de la Galissonnière, which, though we call it an inconclusive action, the French have construed into a most glorious victory. Never can one forget the rage of the people, and the cry for revenge that rose up from every coffee-house, from every tavern, from the Royal Exchange, filled with great merchants, and the mug-house, filled with porters, and wherever men do assemble together. A bad beginning of the war it was; and all that year, except for the execution of the Admiral, we had nothing to cheer us. Even this, though a sop for the rage of the nation, was a poor consolation, because no sooner was it done, than men began to ask themselves whether, after all, the Admiral had not done his duty. There were floods of epigrams and verses written, it is true, both upon Byng and De la Galissonnière—if they may be considered a consolation. In time of defeat and disgrace, the soul is soothed, at least, when something biting has been said upon the cause or author of the shame. This is an art greatly practised by the French, who have always found in its exercise a peculiar satisfaction for their many disgraces both by sea and land, and for the loss of all their liberties. And for the sake of a good epigram they are said to go cheerfully even to the Bastille.

At this time, besides the preparations for invasion, which were perhaps, exaggerated, the Channel swarmed with French privateers, and these full of courage and spirit. At the first outset, and until we had taught them a lesson or two, they were bold enough to attack anything, without considering disparity of numbers, that flew the English flag. Had the French King's Navy been handled with as much resolution as these privateers, commanded and manned often by simple fishermen, the result of the war might have been very different. They put to sea in vessels of all kinds: nothing came amiss for a craft of war with Letters of Marque when these rogues first went a-privateering; nothing, in their earliest flush of success, seemed too small or too badly armed for a venture against the richly laden, slow-sailing English merchantmen, which, taken by surprise, offered at the beginning of the war, it must be confessed, but a cowardly resistance. Again, nothing was too big to be fully manned and equipped. Every craft that lay in the ports, from Dunquerque to Bordeaux, became a privateer, from a simple fishing-smack, a fast-sailing schooner, an unarmed sloop carrying two or four six-pound carronades and thirty or forty men, to a tall frigate of thirty guns, well gunned, and manned by three hundred sturdy devils, emboldened by the chance of plunder, and eager to attack everything, from an East Indiaman to a potato-coaster. Very good service was done during the course of this war by our own privateers, of whom there were presently a great many, though it must be owned that the French beat us both for the number of their piratical craft and their success. Certainly, they had a better chance, since for every French merchantman there are fifty English. We were always capturing their privateers, but their number never seemed to lessen, however many lay in our prisons. Why, in one year—I think it was the year 1761—we took no fewer than 117 privateers, manned by 5000 sailors; yet, in the same year, in spite of their conquests, we lost over 800 merchantmen, taken from us by these hornets swarming under our very noses.

"Kiss me, Bess," said Jack; "we sail on Sunday, or Monday at latest. Kiss me again, my girl. Our orders have come. We join the Channel Fleet, where there will be rubs for some, as is quite certain."

"Among the privateers, Jack?" Bess was as brave a girl as any—yet she shuddered, thinking of this dangerous service, in which one has not to take part in a great battle once in the cruise, and so home again to brag about the broadsides and the grape-shot, but to fight daily, perhaps, and always with a desperate crew, whose only chance is victory or escape. "Well"—for his eyes clouded at the first appearance of fear in her face—"if thou art happy, Jack, then will I try to be happy too. Alas! why cannot women go into battle with their lovers? I could fire a pistol, and I think I could thrust a pike with any who threatened thee, Jack. But we must still sit at home and wait."

"Now you talk nonsense, Bess. Do you think I could fight with thee at my side? Why, I should tremble the whole time, lest a splinter should tear thy tender limbs. Nay, my dear; sit at home and wait, for there is nothing else to do. And sometimes think of thy lover. Let me read the future in thine eyes." She turned them to him obediently, and as if the future really could be read in those great black eyes. "I see, my dear, a sailor coming home again, safe and sound, prize-money in his pocket, promotion awaiting him. His girl waits for him at home. He rushes into her arms and kisses her—thus, my dear, and thus, a thousand times. Then he buys her a house as fine as the Admiral's, and furnishes it for her with his prize-money; and there is a garden for salads and for

fruit. She shall eat off china—no more pewter then. She will have the finest pew in church and the most loving husband at home, and—what? I see a dozen boys and girls; and every boy in his Majesty's service, and every girl married to a sailor. There shall be no woman in the world handsomer or happier. Give me a kiss again, my dear."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A SAILOR'S CHARM.

That evening Bess did a thing which is forbidden by the Church; in what part of the Prayer-Book I do not know, but I have always understood that it is prohibited as a grievous sin. She went to seek the advice of a witch.

The sailors and their wives sometimes importuned Mr. Brinjes to bestow upon them, or to sell them if he would, some kind of charm or amulet, either to maintain constancy in separation (this charm, though largely in request, is, if all reports are true, of small efficacy), to prevent drowning, against incurring the wrath of the captain, and punishment by the cat-o'-nine-tails, against being killed or wounded in action, and against hanging; which may happen to any, though there are fewer sailors hanged than landmen. Sometimes, if he was in good temper, or if the applicant was a young woman of pleasing appearance, Mr. Brinjes would consent, and send her away happy, with something in a bag which he called a charm. Whether he himself believed in his charms I know not, but there are still living some who declare that they have escaped hurt or drowning wholly through the efficacy of the Apothecary's charm. Yet if a man hath this power, why should he not be so patriotic and benevolent as to extend it over the whole of his Majesty's Navies so that not a sailor among them all should ever be shot, drowned, flogged, or cast away? It is like the arrogance of the Papist priests, who profess to be able to forgive sins. Why not then forgive at once, both great and small, mortal and venial, all that the world, living or dead, hath committed, and so make mankind whole? Whatever his belief concerning his own powers, Mr. Brinjes without doubt entertained a high respect of those of Castilla's black nurse Philadelphy—a true witch if ever there was one.

"I know not," my father once said on this subject, "whether the practice of magic hath in it anything real, or whether the whole is imposture and superstitious credulity. The Bible doth not teach us clearly one way or the other. Yet, by implication, we may understand that the arts of sorcery were in old times practised successfully, otherwise there would not have been promulgated commandments so express against those who work hidden arts, practise divination, inquire of a familiar spirit, consult the dead, or fabricate charms. And certainly it hath been the belief in all ages, and among every race of whom we have knowledge, that power may be magically obtained by men whereby they may compel the help of demons and spirits, and in some way foretell the future. Nebuchadnezzar divined with arrows; the false prophets deceived the people with amulets; the Bene Kedem, the Chaldeans, the Philistines, and the Chosen People in their backsliding worked hidden arts; Pharaoh's magicians turned their rods into serpents; Rachel carried away his Teraphim from her father, Laban. What forbids us to believe that sorcery may still be living in our midst, though lurking in dark corners for fear of the law and of the righteous wrath of pious men?"

The old negro woman knew, of a certainty, many secrets, whether they were those of the Black Art or no. Mr. Brinjes would talk to her in her own Mandingo language, which he had acquired while on the West Coast of Africa. She it was who assisted him in the compounding of those broths which used to simmer on his hob, to be tasted by the shuddering assistant. By these and other secrets of which he was always in search, and forced the woman to reveal by terror of his magic stick with the skull, he hoped to cure disease, to arrest decay, and to prolong life. I suppose that it was by conversation with him that Bess was led to consider Philadelphy as much wiser in witchcraft than Mr. Brinjes. Therefore, she resolved to consult her, and went to her that very evening with all the money she had in the world—namely, a crown-piece and a groat.

The negroes of the Admiral's household occupied quarters of their own, built for them without the house, in West Indian fashion, containing a common kitchen and sleeping-rooms. Here Bess found three of the men, one of them being on guard, with the old woman. They were squatted on the floor, in the kitchen, round a dish containing their supper—a mess of cuscoosoo, which is made of flour roasted by some art in small grains, and served with salt fish, onions, red pepper, and butter; a strong-tasting food, but not displeasing to the palate nor unwholesome. Every race has its own dish. The Spaniards have their olla podrida; the Hindoos, their rice; the Chinese, their birds'-nest soup and dried sea-slugs; and the Mandingos, their cuscoosoo. There was no other light in the room than the glow of a great coal fire which these negroes love to have burning all the year round, and in the winter never willingly leave. As for candles, why should negro servants have luxuries which poor white folk cannot afford to buy? Candles are for those who wish to read, play music, cards, and practise the polite accomplishments; not for those who sit at out the fire for warmth.

"Hi!" said Philadelphy, looking up curiously, "'Tis Bess, the Penman's girl."

"I want to speak with you, Philadelphy," said Bess.

The old woman nodded, and the men rose, took up the dish of cuscoosoo and retired, as if they were accustomed to these consultations, and knew that their absence was expected. A witch must, in fact, be quite alone with those who inquire of her.

When they were gone, the old woman crept closer to the fire, the light of which seemed to sink into her skin, and there to become absorbed, (the blackness of Philadelphy's cheeks not being shiny, as is that of some negroes, but dull); while her eyes shone by the firelight like two balls of fire.

"What is it, dearie?" she asked. "Is thy lover inconstant?"

"How do you know I have a lover?"

"It is written on thy face and in thine eyes, dearie."

"I have come for a charm," she replied, blushing to think that she carried her secret written on her face so that all could read.

"Hush! The Admiral, he say 'No charms here, Philadelphy.' Whisper. What kind of charm? Is it a charm to make thy sweetheart love thee?"

"He loves me already," Bess hesitated a little. Then she added, "He is a sailor. I want a charm for a sailor."

"I sell very fine charm—proper gri-gri charm. Eh! When Massa Brinjes wants pow'ful charm for gont and to ohahe Le sends for Philadelphy, and puts his skull-stick on the table. Then I give him what he wants. I got charm for most everything. Massa Brinjes very good. Obeah Doctor: he learn in Mandingo country when he live among the rovers. Hi! Fire times the rovers had before they were all hanged up. Hi! But he dunnow so much as ole Philadelphy. When he want to learn mus' come to de ole woman. Hi!" As she spoke,



her eyes rolling about so that the whites in the firelight were glowing red, she held out her hand for the money, but went on talking and asking questions without waiting for a reply. "Mus' come to de ole woman. Everybody comes to de ole woman. Some day I die—what you do then? Hi! What kind of charm you want? I sell very fine charm. Will you buy charm for true love? Once your man get that charm upon him he can't even look at another woman. That charm make all other women ole and ugly. Hi! Tell me, dearie, will you have that charm? I sell charm again' drowning—no man drown with my charm on him. Will you buy that charm? I sell charm again' shot and sword. No man ever killed who carry my charm. I sell charm to bring him home again. Hi! You like your sweetheart come home again? How much money you got for de ole woman, dearie?"

"I've got a crown and a groat. Is that enough?" "Give it to me!" She clutched the money greedily. "S'pose you rich lady, too little. S'pose you poor girl, 'nuff for kind ole Philadelphia."

"Will the money buy all the charms?" "Buy all?" The old witch laughed scornfully. "She think she a queen, this girl, for sure. Buy all? Dearie, if your crown and your groat was a bag of golden guineas you couldn't buy but only one charm."

"Then, if I can only have one, which shall it be?" "Take the love charm, dearie. That the best for eb'ry girl."

"No," said Bess, proudly, "I will not buy a love charm. If my sweetheart cannot remain constant without a charm to keep him, I want no more of him. Well. . . then. . . he might be drowned. But he has passed through so many dangers already that I do not think he will ever be drowned. He might be killed in action. Let him come home safe and sound, whether he loves me or not. Yes; I will have the charm against killing and wounding."

"Most girl," said the old woman, "rather see their sweet-hearts die than be false."

"I will have the charm against shot and cutlass," said Bess.

"Very well. I make fine gri-gri—pow'ful charm. Hi! charm to turn aside every bullet. You wait."

Then the old woman rose slowly, being, in spite of her magic powers, unable to charm away her own rheumatism, and fumbled in her pocket, a vast sack hanging beneath her dress, which contained as many things, and as various, as a housewife's cupboard. From the rubbish lying in its vast recesses she produced a small leather bag, apparently empty, tied with a long string, which, after securing the bag with half-a-dozen knots, was long enough to be slipped round the neck. To untie these knots and to open the bag was to destroy the whole charm. More than this, it was to invite the very danger which was sought to be averted. Two or three years afterwards I was present when the bag was opened. It contained nothing more than a small piece of parchment, inscribed with certain characters, which I believe to have been Arabic, and very likely a verse of the False Prophet Mohammed's book, the Koran; there was the head of a frog, dried; the leg-bone of some animal, which may have been a cat or a rabbit; the claw of some wild creature, a nutmeg, and a piece of clay. This was a famous collection of weapons to interpose between a man's body and a cannon-shot.

"Take the bag in your hand," said the old woman. "Now go down on your knees and shut your eyes, and take care not to open them whatever you hear or feel, while you say the words after me—

Shot and bullet pass him by;  
Pike and cutlass strike in vain;  
Keep him safe, though all may die;  
Bring my sweetheart home again."

Bess did as she was commanded, holding the bag in her hand, and keeping her eyes tightly closed, while she repeated these words on her knees. She declared afterwards that while she said the words there was a rushing and whirling of the air about her ears and a cold breath upon her face, and, which was strange, though she held the bag tightly by the neck, she felt that things were being dropped inside it.

"Now, honey," said the old woman, "Gri-gri done made. You open eyes, and stand up."

So Bess obeyed, looking about her, fearfully. But there was nothing to see, and the old woman was now crouching beside the fire again. But the bag, which had been empty when she took it in her hand, was now filled with something.

"Give your lover," said Philadelphia, "this bag. Hang it round his neck. And say the words again, with your eyes shut and his as well. Let him never take it off or look inside it, or tell anybody of it. Hi! you very fine girl, for sure; yet sometimes men go away and forget. Hi! Den you fly roun' like a wild cat in a trap. Well, dearie, come to me 's'pose he does go untrue. I make beautiful figure for girls when sweethearts prove false: put him fo' the fire, an' stick pins into him. Den he all over pain." Bess told me that she thought of Aaron, and of a way to punish him; but, fortunately, she had no more money, else I fear that Aaron would have passed a bad winter.

When she had the charm, the old woman offered to tell her for nothing, by several methods, the fortune of her lover. All her methods led to surprising results, as you shall hear; and then Bess went away, carrying with her the precious bag. The next thing was to persuade Jack into putting it on. Now, every sailor is full of superstition; and the bravest man afloat is not above carrying a charm if one is given to him. But, of course, he would not have it known.

"Jack," said Bess, "don't be angry with me for what I have done."

"What have you done, child?"

"I've been. . . I've been—Jack—to a witch. Oh! a real witch! But she does not know your name or anything about you. And I've got a charm for you! Here it is!" She lugged the precious thing out of her bosom. "No, Jack; don't touch it yet. You must never try to open it or to find out the secret of what is inside it, or else the charm will be broken. And, Jack—promise me—promise me— If you will wear this round your neck, close to your skin, you shall never be hit by shot nor shell."

Jack laughed; but he took the little black bag out of her hand, and looked at it doubtfully.

"Why, he said, 'as for such a trumpery thing as this—is it worth the trouble of hanging it about one's neck?'"

"I might have had a charm to keep you safe from drowning, Jack; but I thought that you have had so many dangers already that there can be no more for you. And I might have had one to keep you true to me; but oh! Jack, what good would it do to me if you are true only to be killed? Besides, if you cannot keep true to me without a charm, you cannot love me as you say you do—yes, Jack, I know you do. I scorn witchery to keep my lover true."

"A lock of thy hair, Bess, is all I ask. I will tie that round my wrist. 'Twill be quite enough to keep me true, and to save me from drowning, and to turn aside the bullets."

There is, indeed, a common superstition among sailors that a lock of their mistress's hair tied round the wrist will carry them safely through the action.

"You shall have a lock of my hair as well, Jack. Oh! you should have it all if I thought it would keep you safe. Only

let me hang this round your neck. There: now I take off the cravat and unbutton the shirt, and drop it in—so. Shut your eyes, and keep them shut, while I say—

Shot and bullet pass him by;  
Pike and cutlass strike in vain;  
Keep him safe, though all may die;  
Bring my lover home again."

No phenomena attended this incantation. "And now, Jack," Bess said, "you can open your eyes again. Cannon shot shall not harm thee; bullet shall turn aside; sword and pike shall not be able to do my dearie hurt."

"'Tis woman's foolishness, Bess. Yet have I heard strange stories about these old negresses. They are sold to the Devil, I believe. The charm can do no harm, if it do no good. One would not go into action with an advantage over one's ship-mates. Yet it is well to be on the safe side; no man knows what power these old women may have acquired; and every man has his true love-knot for a charm. Well, Bess, to please thee, my dear, I will wear it."

"Then, Jack, I can let thee go with a lighter heart. When the wind blows I shall tremble, but not when I hear of sea-fights and the roaring cannon."

"Some men carry a Testament," said Jack. "Many a bullet has been stopped by a Testament, which is natural, as against the Devil and all his works, of which the Frenchman and the Spaniard are the chief. Some of them carry a caul to escape drowning. But they commonly get shot; though why a caul should attract the bullets, or whether it is better to be shot or drowned, I know not. But give me a true love-knot, my girl, to keep me safe, with a lock of thy black hair to tie about my arm, and a kiss of thy dear lips for charm to keep me true. And tell no one about this charm of the black witch."

She let down her long and beautiful hair, which fell below her waist, and cut off a lock three feet long. Then Jack bared his arm—why, the love-sick lad had tattooed it all over with the name of Bess. There was Bess between an anchor and a crown, Bess between two swords, Bess under a Union Jack—well, there could be no denying, for the rest of his life, his vows of love for Bess. She laughed to see these signs of passion, and tied her lock of hair round and round his arm, securing the two ends tightly with green silk. With this, which is every woman's amulet, and the old witch's charm, surely her Jack would be safe.

In everything that followed Jack continued to wear this charm about his neck both by day and night. It is, we know, most certain that this superstition concerning amulets is vain and mischievous. How can a witch by any devilry preserve a man from lead and steel? How can a leopard's claw and a verse from a so-called sacred book, stand between a man and the death that is ordered for him? To think this is surely grievous sin and folly. Besides, it is strictly forbidden to have any doings with witches; and what was forbidden to the people of old cannot be lawful among ourselves. Yet one cannot but remark, as a singular coincidence, that in all his fighting Jack had never a wound or a scratch. Perhaps, however, his escape had nothing to do with the gri-gri.

"When I had gotten the charm," the girl went on, "I asked Philadelphia to tell my sweetheart's fortune. So she said she would read me his fortune for nothing, and she drew the cards from her pocket, and spread them out upon the table, and began to arrange them. Then she pushed all together and began again. Then she told me she would go no further until I told her who was my sweetheart, because she saw an officer with a sword."

"Go on," said Jack.

"Oh! It is wonderful! I told her he was a sailor; but as for his name, that mattered nothing. So she began again, and told me. The fortune began so well that it was marvellous; and then she stopped and mumbled something, and said that there was a coil which she did not understand, but she thought she saw—she said she thought she saw—the Devil, Jack; and herself as well. And she could not read the fortune because she could not understand any more of it. But it was the most surprising fortune in the world, whether good or bad. Then she asked me to look in her eyes, and she would read my own fortune there. Can you read my fortune there, Jack?"

"I see two Lieutenants of his Majesty's Navy in those eyes, Bess. Is that fortune enough for you? One in each eye. Is not that enough for a girl?"

"They are but one, my dear," she said.

"And what was the fortune that she told you, Bess?"

"She said, 'Come what may come, thou shalt marry thy lover.' So I am satisfied. Come what may come. What care I what may come?—oh! what can come that will harm me?—so that I keep the man I love? What more can I desire? What more can I ask? I am so poor that I can lose nothing. Fortune cannot hurt me. And come what may come, I shall keep the man I love. You will come back to me, Jack, and I shall have—oh! I shall have—my heart's desire."

It was on Saturday morning that the ship dropped down the river with wind and tide, her company and armament complete, new rigged, new painted, fresh and sweet as a lady just from her dressing-room, while the cannon roared the parting salute. I remember that it was a misty morning in December, a light south-west breeze, and the sun like a great red copper pan or round shield in the sky. And as the ship slowly slipped down Greenwich Reach the shrouds and the sails shone like gold, and were magnified by the mist.

The Admiral stood on the quay with Castilla, and with them Mr. Brinjes.

"Go thy way, Jack," said the old sailor. "Go thy way, and do thy duty. Castilla, my dear, there is only one good thing for a man—'tis to sail away from the land of thieves and land-sharks, out into blue water to fight the French."

"And what is good for a woman, Sir?"

"Why, my child, to marry the man who goes to sea. Farewell, Jack! Maybe we shall never see thee more. Let us go home, Castilla."

I went on board, an hour before they sailed. Jack could do no more than whisper a word as he held me by the hand. Oh! Heavens! my heart leaps up within me, even now, as I remember those eyes of his, so full of love and tenderness. "Take care of her, Luke"—this was what he said—"take care of her until I come home to marry her. My pretty Bess! 'Tis a loving heart, Luke. She is thy charge, lad. Good-bye, dear lad, good-bye!"

I knew that she must be sitting in the old summer-house waiting to see the ship go by: and there, indeed, I found her. Jack parted with her early in the morning. I know not what passed between them; but it was surely very moving, because no pair loved each other more deeply than these two.

"He is gone," she said. "It is all over. But he loves me. Oh! I am sure he loves me. Yet something will happen. Philadelphia saw the Devil and herself. Between the two something is sure to happen. Oh! we shall never be so happy again together—never again."

"Why," I told her, "people always think that the future can never be like the past. There are plenty of happy days

before you, Bess. Jack will come home again sometime, maybe a First Lieutenant—who knows?—or a Captain in command. Then we shall have peace, I suppose, 'once more, and Jack will remain ashore, and you will be his wife."

"Yes. What did Philadelphia say? Come what may come, thou shalt marry thy lover. Oh! I am not afraid. I saw him on the quarter-deck as the ship sailed past. Oh! he is the bravest and the handsomest man in all the King's service; and who am I that he should love me? Luke, you know how ladies talk and what they say. Teach me that way. Oh! Luke, teach me, so that he shall never be ashamed of his sweetheart. My Jack! my sailor Jack! Steel nor lead shall not harm him; but the ship may wreck or sink. Oh! my heart, my heart! When shall I see thy dear face again?"

(To be continued.)

## The Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

### A RAMBLE THROUGH CYPRUS.

Setting at naught all geographical laws, the Exhibition ramble drops from the eastern and cornucopian end of the affluent Canadian Court into Cyprus. It is a perfect gem of an annexe in which the products and relics of Cyprus have been artistically grouped by Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, the Executive Commissioner, and by the Assistant Commissioners, Captain Wisely, R.E., and Mr. G. Gordon Hake, the zealous and hard-working Superintendent of the whole Exhibition. Delicately coloured sage green, and ornamented with lotus leaves and the eight-rayed star, the Cyprus Court is also a monument of the refined taste of Mr. Ernest Jessop, under whose superintendence its decoration was executed. Only a coloured illustration could do justice to the exquisite tints of the court, the banners pendent from the roof of which represent the eventful history of the island in the Mediterranean leased by the Porte to England at the close of the last Russo-Turkish War. The head of Aphrodite (a goddess specially sacred to Cyprus) on the first banner is said by Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, in his compact handbook, to be copied from a Cyprian coin of the sixth century B.C. One may look in vain for the banner of that "Tinted Venus," whose resurrection in Rosherville Gardens and in the shop of a Bloomsbury barber is narrated in humorous style by Mr. F. Anstey in the droll story with the above title. But the head of Jupiter Ammon painted on one banner reminds one of the mythological fame of Cyprus; and the counterfeit presentment of St. George and the Dragon on another recalls the conquest of the island by Richard Cœur de Lion of England in the Crusading days of old—A.D. 1191; whilst the V.R. under a crown on the twelfth banner signals the cession of Cyprus to Queen Victoria by Sultan Abdul Hamid, in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878.

Cyprus, which has an area of 3723 square miles, and a population of about 186,000, has increased materially in prosperity since the island has enjoyed the advantage of being under British administration. Commercially, Cyprus would probably have profited more from the Exhibition had its court been in the charge of a genial and obliging representative, always present to give information, as is the case in the majority of the courts. It may be put down to mistaken notions of economy, perhaps, that the native weavers have been conveyed back to Cyprus. The court is thus shorn of what has been throughout the season a considerable attraction. A Cyprus weaving fund, subscribed by Sir R. Biddulph, and some other Englishmen in Cyprus, defrayed the expense of bringing the three Cypriot women to London; and the Exhibition receipts have assuredly been sufficiently large to have enabled the Executive to maintain them here until the Tenth of November. It was most interesting to watch them, in their picturesque habits as they lived, weaving silk at their loom. Her Majesty did not fail to purchase some Cyprus silk thus woven. It is to be hoped this august patronage on the part of the Queen (and of other members of the Royal family) will help to promote this industry in Cyprus, whose silks of Paphos are held in deserved repute. Close by the specimen of a mouflon, lent by Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, are the model of a furnace for drying cocoons and a primitive wooden silk winder, the working of which the comely and intelligent young lady vending silk will be found to be most happy to explain, whilst ready also to expatiate on the obvious excellence of the exhibits of manufactured silk and of embroidery shown in the cases to the right with a variety of cotton articles of attire.

The picturesqueness of this historically fascinating island (which "was the birthplace of Barnabas, the Apostle, and was visited by him and St. Paul in the early days of the Christian Church") is revealed in a series of capital paintings of Larnaca, Limasol, Nicosia, Famagusta, and Troodos by Captain Sinclair, R.E.; in a number of sketches and etchings by Mr. Tristram Ellis; in the paintings lent by Mr. Hamilton Lang, Mr. G. L. Houston, and Mr. Thomas Stopher; and in the photographs borrowed from the Hon. Colonel Warren, R.A., who also exhibits a goodly collection of ancient jewellery in gold and silver, bronze clasps, rings, bracelets, scarafée necklace of stones, engraved gems, besides bronze keys and figures. The Hon. Colonel Warren and the Cyprus Museum furnish a valuable array of ancient pottery, by many attributed to the Phœnician colonists of Cyprus; the gallant Colonel also contributing a collection of arms, swords, yataghans, and pistols. Numbered 346 will be found an interesting group of stone statues of the fourth or fifth century B.C., lent by Major-General Sir Robert Biddulph, among whose loans may likewise be mentioned eighteen pieces of Græco-Roman glass. Antiquarians will not fail to scrutinise one and all of these relics of the past.

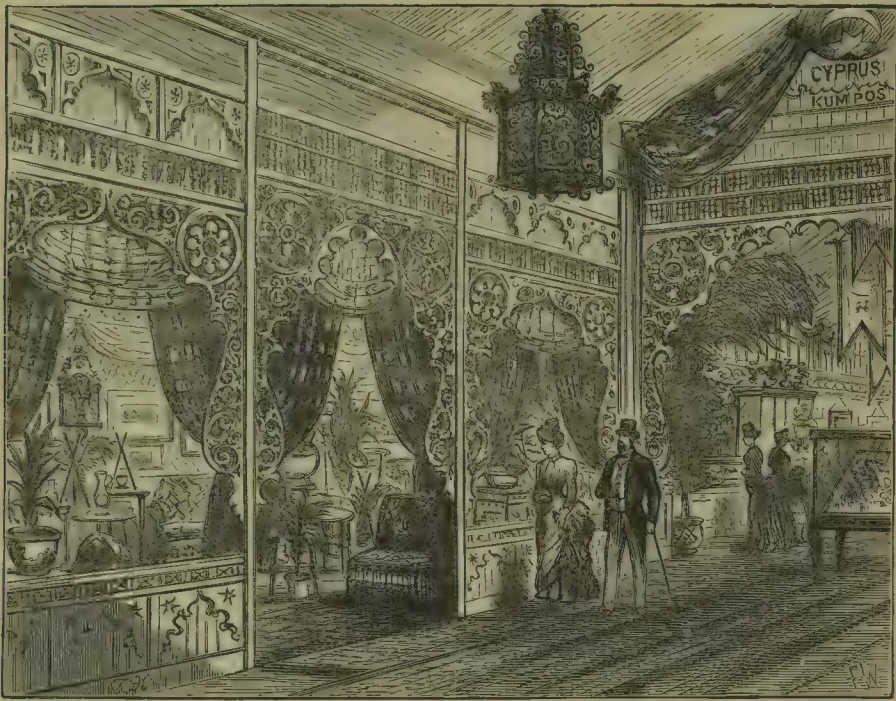
The wheats and barleys from Lefea, the sesame, linseed, wines, silk, madder roots, locust beans (karoubs), and cotton in pods testify how productive Cyprus might become under more favourable conditions of agriculture. In the opinion of Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, the value of the Cyprus wheats is depreciated in foreign markets from the defective and patriarchal system of threshing in vogue, which consists of drawing a flint-studded board over the grain for several days, small stones being detached thereby from the threshing floor and mixing with the corn. It will be admitted from the old and new farmer's carts, and the primitive plough on view in the centre of the court, that Cyprus sadly needs an importation of the most recent improvements in the way of agricultural appliances. The ancient native cart made by Cypriot carpenters out of Cyprus wood is of the form in use for over two thousand years, and still used in the island. The modern cart differs very little from the old one, save that the wheels are new. From the crops to the geology of Cyprus is an easy transition; and it is made while examining the geological specimens, above which Mrs. Young's dried flowers of Cyprus attract attention.

The most valuable exhibit is the model illustrating how the ingenious and simple invention of the Chevalier Richard Mattei, C.M.G., was utilised by Mr. S. Brown, Chief Engineer to the Cyprus Government, to exterminate the locusts from the island. The story of how this was accomplished is told by Mr. S. Brown, in the pamphlet entitled "The Locust War

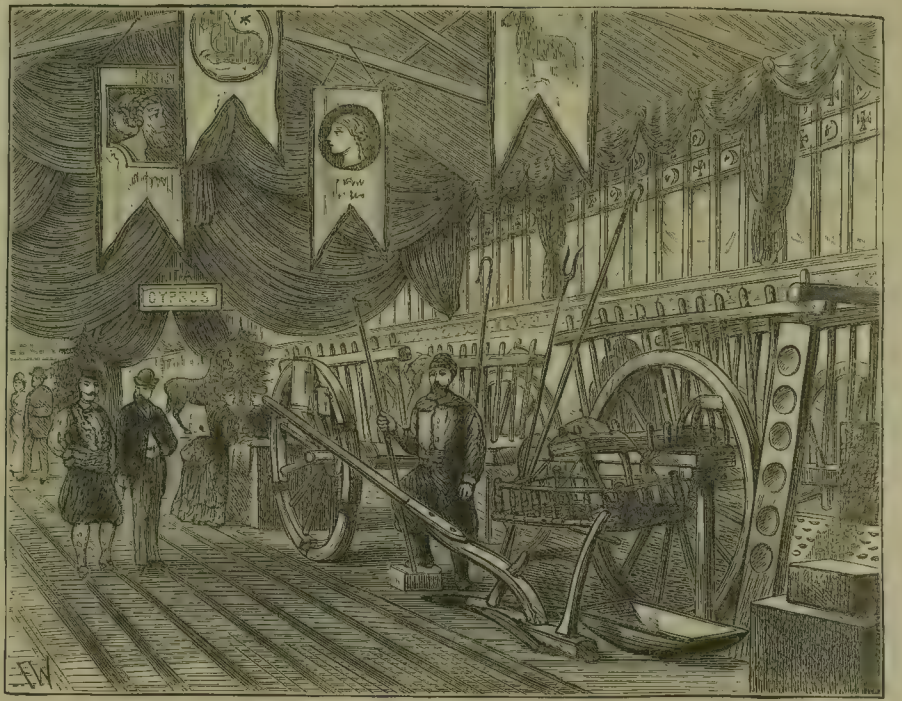


# INDIAN COLONIAL AND V. EXHIBITION

## CYPRUS AND MALTA.



NORTH END OF THE CYPRUS COURT.



SOUTH END OF THE CYPRUS COURT.



CYPRUS SILK LOOM.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: CYPRUS AND MALTA.



A MALTESE LACE-MAKER.

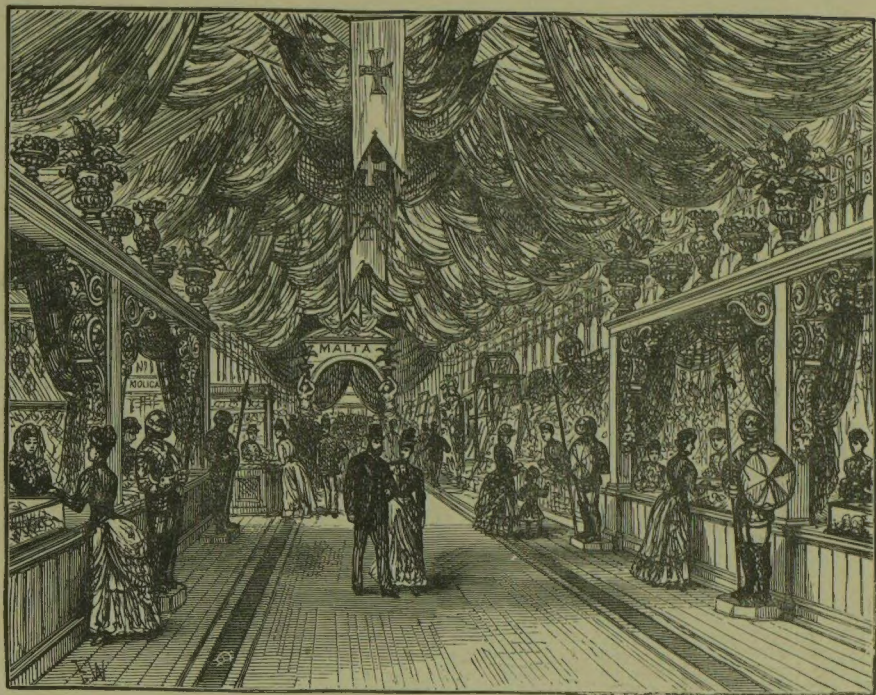
in Cyprus," and is as fascinating as a romance. The lesson cannot fail to be serviceable in every country which suffers from the plague of locusts. In the United States alone, the damage sustained by the crops through the ravages of the locusts in the four years from 1874 to 1877 amounted to 200,000,000 dollars, equal to an average annual loss of ten million pounds sterling. The common locust, which used to infest Cyprus, varied from 1½ to 1¾ inch in length. The model indicating the colossal scale on which Mr. Brown had to carry on his campaign against the locusts in Cyprus, was made by Mr. Thomas, under the personal supervision of Mr. George Gordon Hake, who has resided in the island. Since the British occupation of Cyprus, it has cost upwards of £66,841 to stamp out this pest. The operations consisted of collecting and destroying the eggs, and of trapping the locusts on the march. Across the line of march Mr. Brown placed the light hemp canvas screens, each fifty yards long and three feet wide, near the upper end of the canvas being sewn a strip of American oil-cloth four inches wide. Pits were dug at intervals, four strips of zinc being placed on the top as traps. The locusts, which swept across the fields in myriads, climbed the canvas, but were stopped by the smooth surface of the oilcloth, over which they could not pass. "Thus foiled after many vain efforts to cross the slippery barrier, they descend the screen, and seek escape by a flank movement. After travelling a

short distance their path is intercepted by one of the traps. They hesitate for a few seconds on the brink; then a plunge is made, and they find themselves at the bottom of the pit, whence they attempt to escape by climbing up the earth sides. On arriving at the top, they encounter the sheets of zinc, which should project about four inches over the edge of the pit. As the zinc presents a smooth surface, the locusts are again stopped, and fall back into the pit. Other locusts fall on them, until the pit gradually fills . . . and those below are suffocated." As Mr. Brown estimates damage to the amount of at least £80,000 annually was done by the locusts during the last seven years, it will be allowed that the saving effected by their extermination justified the means.

The wines of Cyprus could hardly have failed to be in request when dispensed by a neat-handed and Lillie-Langtry-like English Phyllis in piquante Cypriote costume. Cyprus is not only noted for its abundance of oranges and lemons, melons, apricots, cherries, almonds, and fine pomegranates, but also for grapes of exceptionally good quality. At the Cyprus counter, the Commanderia, Xynisteri, and Morocanella, described as a lady's wine, have been in most demand. These rich wines were shipped by G. D. Cacathimi, of Limasol, and G. W. Laniti, of the same place. But, truth to tell, the wines of Cyprus sampled here are too sweet for the English taste.

## THE MALTESE COURT,

which directly adjoins Cyprus, does not, unfortunately, contain any model giving a notion of the superb harbourage offered by this invaluable British possession in the Mediterranean. But the ramblor, on entering, may be excused for feeling patriotically "English, you know; quite English" at sight of the bright roofing of flags, in which the Union Jack predominates. In the limited space at their disposal, the Executive Commissioner, Sir Victor Houlton, G.C.M.G., the Assistant Commissioner, Mr. G. Agius, one of the leading foreign coal merchants in London, and the acute, courteous, and zealous Secretary, Mr. H. G. Cutugno, have accomplished wonders in setting forth the elegant industries of Malta. The beautiful Maltese lace is the chief industry; and the principal exhibitor is Mr. Michael Borg, who has exercised sound judgment in devising new and charmingly pretty patterns, the artistic finish of which has been recognised by various members of the Royal family. By the adoption of double-twist silk, Mr. Borg adds to the durability of this new Maltese lace. Like Dr. Tyler's Indians and the Cyprus silk-weavers, Mr. Borg's lace-maker has returned to her native place, but the deft-



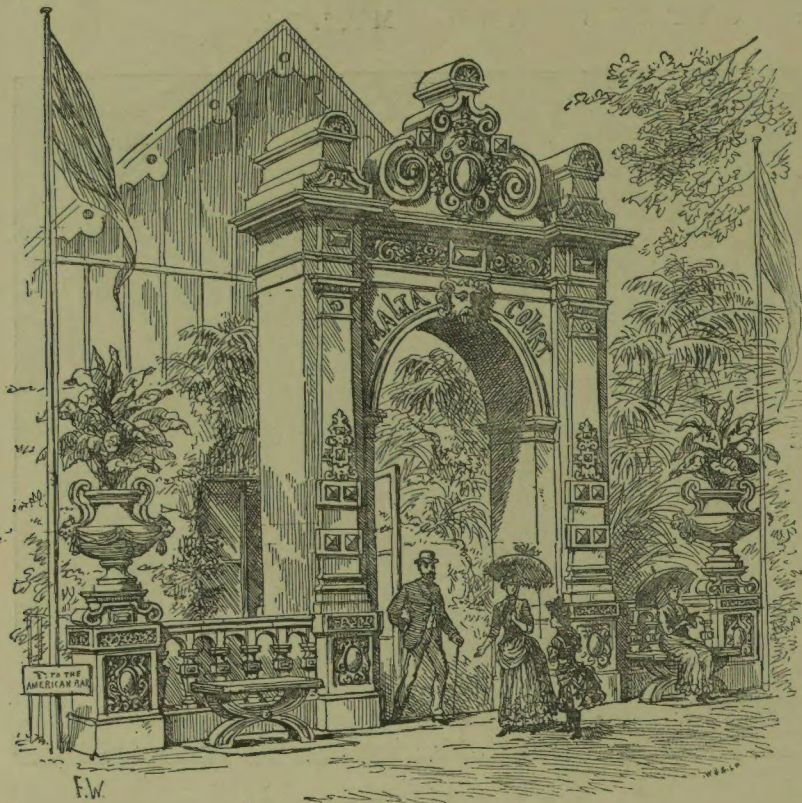
THE MALTESE COURT.

handed lady is portrayed as a souvenir of an attractive feature of the exhibition. We gather from Dr. Nicholas Zammit's admirable hand-book on "Malta and its Industries," translated from the Italian by Mr. H. Vella, that lace "is, indeed, a providential means of livelihood for more than 4500 women and girls of the lower classes, whose work yields to the island an annual income of £45,000 to £50,000." The brisk trade done at the stalls whereat the delicate gold and silver filigree is sold ought to increase the demand for this inexpensive form of jewellery. The four hundred workers employed in Malta on this attractive filigree produce jewellery to the amount of about £40,000 a year. It seems a pity, by-the-way, that the Maltese Commission did not send over more natives to show how the filigree is made, and stone is worked. The learned Dr. Zammit, in stating that candelabra, vases, bowls, balustrades, statues, and other ornamental objects are carved in Maltese stone with great success, a declaration amply indorsed by our drawings, remarks, "This is an industry which might have brought much more profit to the country, if aided by better designs." The agriculture produce of Malta is illustrated by the collection of Baron Azopardi. The kaleidoscopic-hued mule-cloth, which has been in high favour with purchasers, is a growing industry in this salubrious island, which is one of the most delightful places to reside in. With respect to the costume models, grouped together in our illustration, one delineates the black silk dress and hood worn by Maltese ladies in the morning, and the others represent the cotton dresses of the peasants, who cling to old fashions and customs. The silver filigree bird-case of Vincent



MALTESE COSTUMES.





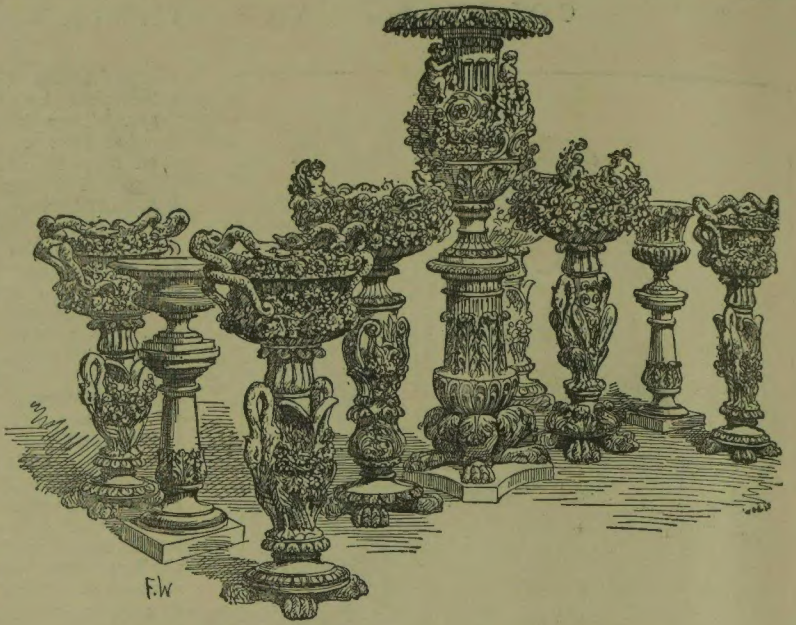
SOUTH ENTRANCE TO MALTESE COURT, COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Massa claims admiration, as does the handsome set of glasses and trays used by the Knights of Malta, and exhibited by Admiral Sir E. and Lady Inglefield. The latter interesting exhibits appropriately face the commanding model of the first Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who have so greatly enriched Malta by their munificence. We quit the Maltese Court with the pleasing parting item of information that her Majesty has graciously accepted from Sir Victor Houlton a handsome album of Maltese views and statistics, prepared expressly for the Queen by the Malta Commissioner for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

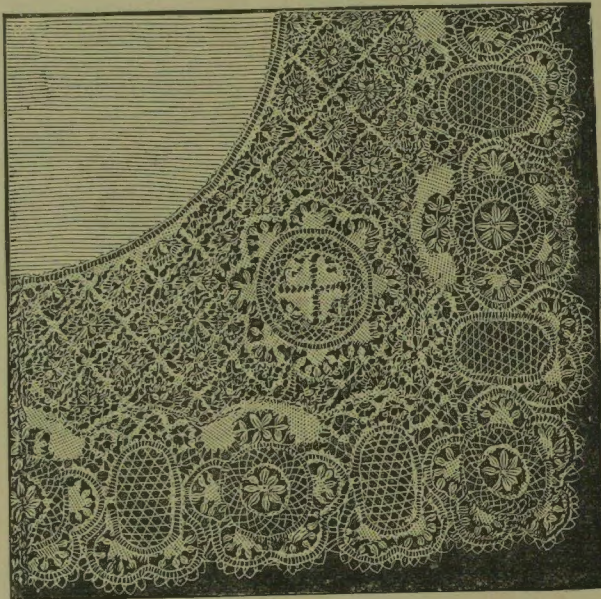
## DEERSTALKING.

For the Anglo-Saxon race all the world over there is so much that is attractive in every manly kind of sport that a writer who has anything new to say on such a topic, or even a pleasant way of saying things that most of us have met with in other forms before, need not be at the trouble of prefacing his work with many apologies. At the outset of *Deerstalking*, by Augustus Grimble (Chapman and Hall), Mr. Grimble announces that his object in writing a treatise on deer-stalking was mainly to initiate beginners "into the minutiae of this most fascinating of field sports," and incidentally to furnish some practical hints that may not be found in the pages of Scrope's standard work on the subject, or in Colquhoun's charming book, "The Moor and the Loch," Macdonald's "Cattle, Sheep, and Deer," St. John's "Wild Sports of the Highlands," Macrae's Handbook of Deerstalking, or Bromley Davenport's "Sport." To discover something that not one of these authors had touched upon would be even more difficult than to improve on the style that characterises nearly all their works. Scrope, though he wrote a hundred years ago, in the days of single-barrel and muzzle-loading rifles, was a master of his subject. The science

of woodcraft has not changed since then, and the only result brought about by improvement of weapons has been to make successful stalking a feat less difficult of accomplishment than in the old days. Modestly enough, Mr. Grimble confesses that had the veteran Horatio Ross written the book that was once promised, there would have been little left for anybody to say who had not spent the best part of his life in a deer forest; and as Mr. Grimble had not shot or even stalked a stag until the autumn of 1875, his attempt to supply details that such distinguished predecessors have omitted implies the possession of a praiseworthy courage. Whether he has quite succeeded in this endeavour may be doubted, but that he has produced a book of considerable interest cannot be questioned. It is marred at times by looseness of diction, eccentricities in the conjugation of verbs, and occasional confusion of tenses; but these are blemishes that sportsmen will readily overlook. As to the peculiarities of deer, their habits, and the broad principles upon which a stalk must



MALTESE VASES IN THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.



MALTESE LACE IN THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

be conducted, Mr. Grimble has nothing to tell us that Scrope and several writers who flourished centuries before him, had not treated of more fully; but about the use of modern rifles and

spy-glasses, what to wear and how to wear it, how to pack venison or mount trophies, and how to bear the disappointment of having none to mount, the author gives many hints that novices will do well to treasure up in their minds, as they would the sage maxims of Major Pennicott on another subject. Deerstalking is no longer dependent, as it was in the days of our forefathers, on an intimate knowledge of woodcraft. Telescopes have to some extent supplanted the old science of hunting by the shot; and, thus, shooting red-deer in the Highlands of Scotland is a much more artificial sport than hunting them over the wilds of Exmoor. Mr. Grimble's enthusiasm, however, is contagious; and any young sportsman who may have the good fortune to spend his autumn holidays with the owner of a march amid wild mountain solitudes cannot do better than prepare himself by a diligent perusal of this book on deerstalking.

The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted the post of President of the Royal Navy Club.

The latest addition to Madame Tussaud and Sons' gallery of political celebrities is a portrait model of the Earl of Idlesleigh.

The Speaker of the House of Commons distributed the prizes and certificates in connection with the Leamington Centre of the Cambridge Local and College of Preceptors' Examinations, at the Townhall, Leamington, on Tuesday.

The Lady Mayoress held an afternoon reception at the Mansion House on Tuesday. The other receptions will be on Tuesday, Oct. 19, and Tuesday, Nov. 2. There will be a ball at the Mansion House on Thursday, Oct. 21.

A lady named Ball, who was a resident at Folkestone, has bequeathed £1000 to the Corporation towards the erection of a free library and reading-room, and a further sum for the purchase of a site for the building.

A beautiful stained-glass window has been placed in South Weald Church in memory of the Rev. C. A. Belli, late Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, and for fifty years Vicar of South Weald. The present parish church was built by Mr. Belli during his incumbency, and the cost of the memorial window has been borne by residents of the neighbourhood.

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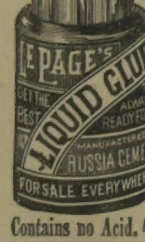
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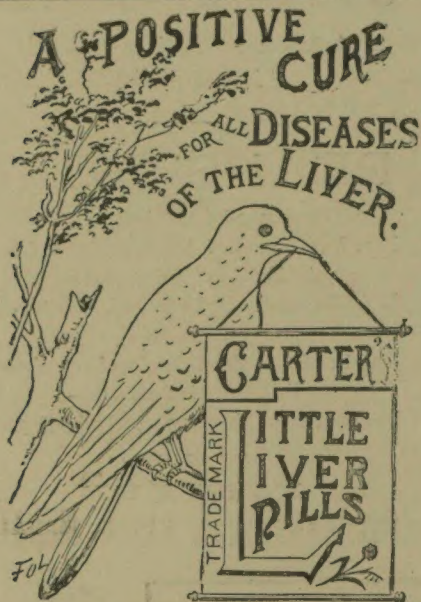
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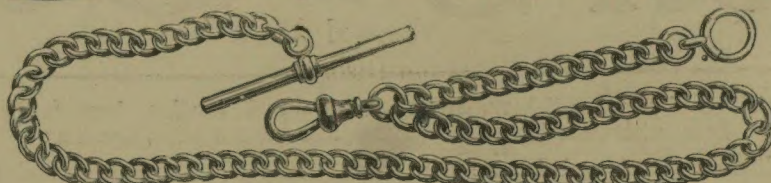
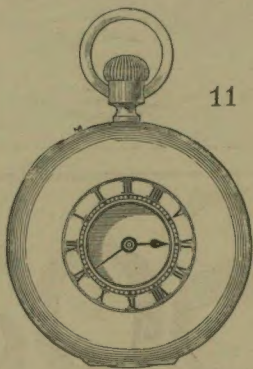
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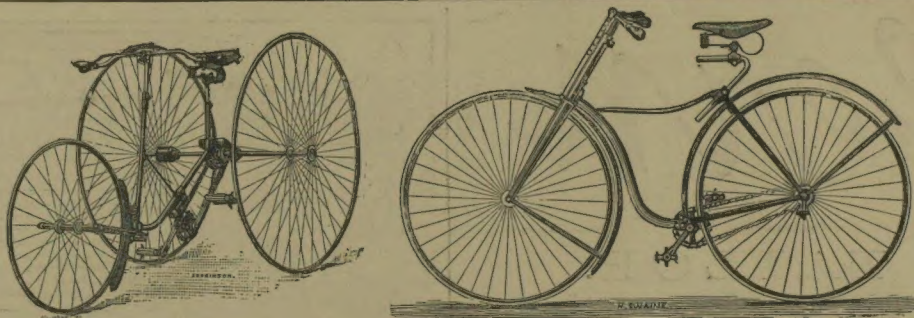
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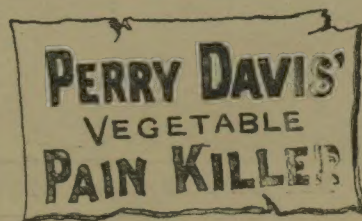
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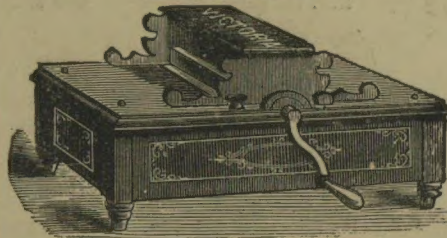
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